

E 312

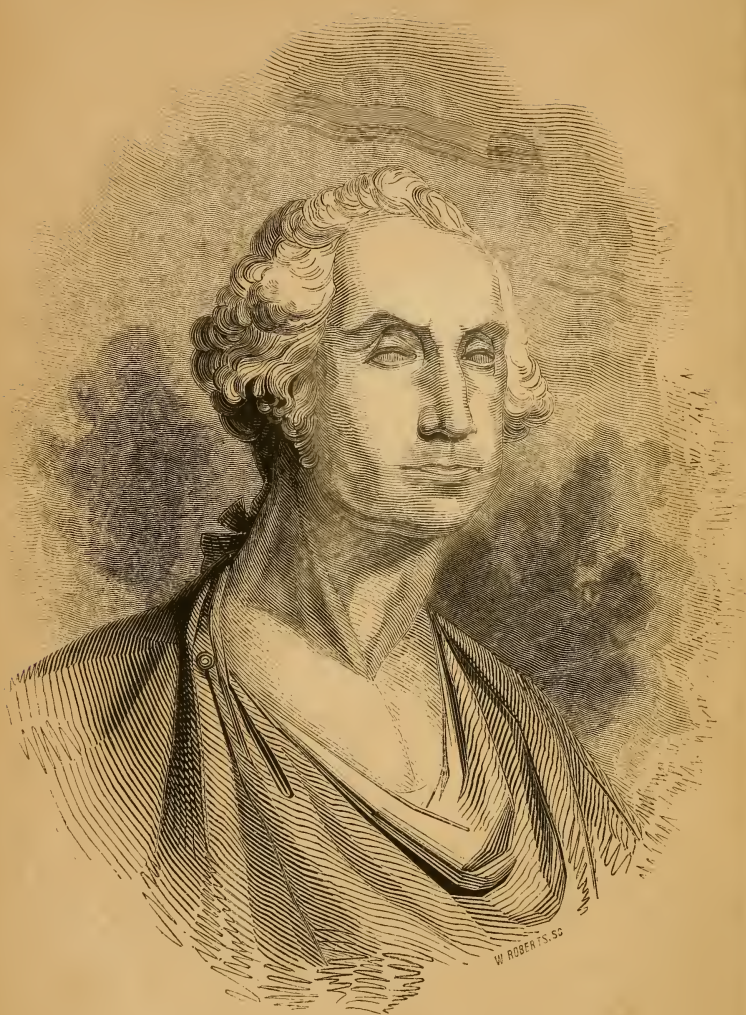
.65

.R72









GEORGE WASHINGTON,

CROWNED BY

“EQUALITY, FRATERNITY, AND LIBERTY.”

A DEMOCRATIC POEM,

DEDICATED UNTO YOUTH.

BY

GEORGE ROGERS.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY LEAVITT, TROW & CO.,

49 ANN-STREET.

1849.

C

E 312
.65
R72

34263

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848,

By GEORGE ROGERS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New-York. ^



“ Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked, by many a hidden chain ;
Awake but one, and lo ! what myriads rise ;
Each stamps its image, as the other flies.”

S. Rogers's Pleasures of Memory

“ Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
The mind attains, beneath her happy reign,
The growth that nature meant she should attain ;
The varied fields of science, ever new,
Op'ning and wider op'ning on her view ;
She ventures onward with a prosp'rous force,
While no base fear impedes her in her course.”

Cowper's Table Talk.

Assuming, then, this fact ('tis not erratic),
There is no system like the Democratic.

Verse 303.

P R E F A C E .

WE are all, more or less, the children of circumstance. Follies, as well as virtuous actions, frequently owe their origin to causes that we may assimilate to the growth of the mustard tree, of which a seed of the minutest kind has been the germ.

The author, deeming some apology necessary to the public, upon whom he has thought fit to obtrude this, his primary Poem, feels that he cannot adopt a better method, than by stating the motives for its appearance. An Englishman by birth, early imbued with a love of equality, and individual political rights (though reared within the pestiferous atmosphere of royalty), recognizing no distinctions of rank, nor propriety of elevation above the mass, save by the claims of genius, virtuous action, or industrial occupation, he has become, in every sense, a Democrat. From the

absence of such democratic practice in his native land, the crushing incubus of rank and station, too frequently, in connection with an overgrown population, interfere with the natural desire of industry to obtain suitable occupation. Unfitted by habit "to dig, and to beg ashamed," he became, like many others, expatriated from the land of his birth. A residence of twenty years, and consequent participations in the blessings of Republicanism, have tended hourly to increase his early admiration for such institutions, and rendered him truly grateful to his adopted country, the birth-place of the immortal Washington.

It was, then, but natural, that he should commingle his joyful feelings of exultation, at the conspicuous advance of the people of other lands towards the institutions of this country. He then became an humble participator, on a late occasion of public rejoicing; and being honored with the duty, as an Englishman, to make a few remarks at the great meeting in the Park, in honor of the French Republic, and having, in the course of the speech, given in poetry, what he styled the "Contrast," tending to point out the evils of monarchy in his native land, and the blessings of Democracy in this, his adopted country, and of which the "New-York Herald" gave a full report, and the daily press generally spoke in terms of kindness and approbation of it, as a patriotic effusion; he was induced to embody this Poem,

satisfied that its sentiments would be fully responded to by his fellow-citizens.

He has endeavored to convey the positive truth of Democracy, as ordained by "Nature, through all her works;" as well as the inculcation of virtuous action; the consequent blessings of liberty; and the evils of monarchy, and its concomitant, demoralizing influence on the welfare, happiness, and dispositions, as well as intellectual acquirements, of mankind.

He begs leave to offer this Poem as a tribute of gratitude, and to dedicate it to the Youth of the United States of America.

G. R.

INTRODUCTION.

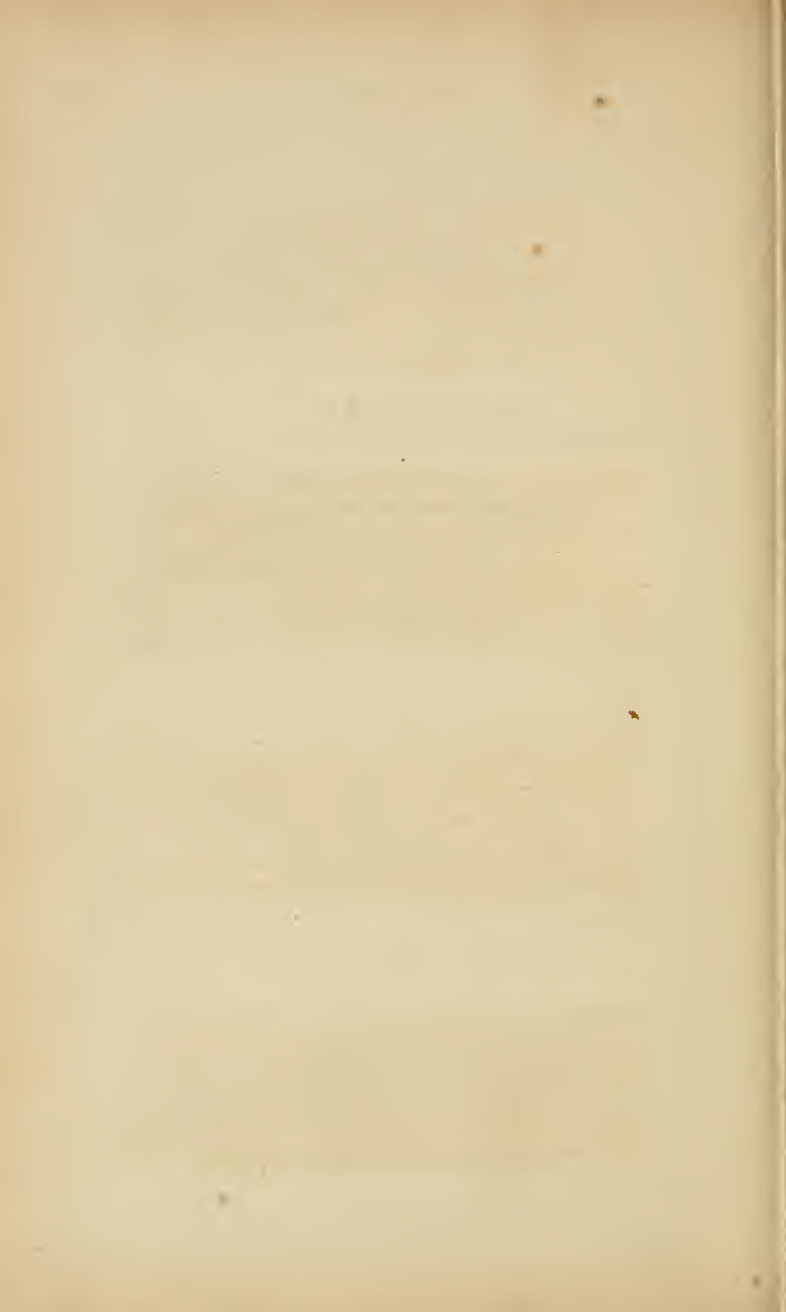
COULD I attain the summit of desire,
I'd choose as mine a pinnacle, no higher,
Than, that my memory should ever live,
Blest by my fellow-men ; the power to give
New thoughts, enlightening truth, or rather to
Impress on men, what men should ever do.
Make all men, what all men should ever be,
Kind to each other ; thus make all men free,
Forever, of those arts, which only tend
To make each man a foe, instead of friend :
Vile passions banished, thus, would men be wise,
The world, so changed indeed, a Paradise.

If these, my thoughts, penned mid'st my daily cares,
(Though each succeeding morn new cares affords,)
Should cause compunction, or affect the fears
Of one false man, or loose the unblest hoards

From 'neath the miser's scan ;
Should they, as doth the warm rays of the sun,
Melt the hard ice, thaw but one icy heart,
It's sympathies reclaim, so that it one
Poor starveling feeds,—I have performed my part
Towards my fellow-man.

Should scorn or malice, cast on me its slur,
('Twould not be strange, all men will sometimes err,)
I answer thus : I've seen life in variety,
Have been, 'tis true, once on a time quite poor,
Again possessing wealth, (not to satiety :)
I never drove the beggar from my door ;
Write what I feel. As I feel for another,
Should man e'er feel for man,—each man's a brother.

CANTO I.



C A N T O 1.

I.

SERENE the sky ; a mild empyrean light,
Sheds its chaste influence o'er the planet Earth :
E'en so the mind of man, when formed aright,
As his, whose memory to these lines gives birth,
I know not how to picture purer truth.
I give this poem, tribute unto Youth.

II.

Amid the azure blue of such a sky,
Three forms angelic did their arms entwine ;
So should mankind in friendly sympathy,
E'er be united ; as the fruitful vine
Its numerous tendrils spreads, they all combine
To aid its strength ; thus gives its generous wine.

III.

Through the cool shade of many a woodland wild,
I've often sauntered, 'mid the autumn's heat ;
Oft too have thirsted ; weary as a child,
My limbs reposing on some sylvan seat,
Have I my thirst assuaged with luscious grape,
From nature's vine,—'twas but a harmless rape,—

IV.

Ravished have been my senses ;—who but they
That have so thirsted, can e'er such bliss know ?
Who but has hungered, as perhaps I may
Have too oft done, can feel for others' woe ?
Who that has not known truth, and seen, too, vice,
Can call one nasty, or the other nice ?

V.

I am not one to cavil, e'en for terms ;
So that I'm understood, I know I'm right ;
That maudlin action, oft conveys the germs
Of future crime. Assured, each day and night,
Am I of truth :—so shall I use my pen ;
I war with evils, but war not with men.

VI.

Then shall these forms—(as doth a good act cover,
Or cast a shadow over many a sin,)—
Lead you, as well as me, to man's best lover ;
Though 'twill be by and bye : light lets day in.
I've a desire that all who run may read ;
And such words suit me, in a time of need.

VII.

In time of need, a friend's a friend indeed ;
Then may I hope to prove true friendship's power ;
Friends, condemn not this literary seed,
But first peruse my book, for 'bout an hour ;
And, if you think it gives one new idea,
Be well content ;—it cannot well be dear.

VIII.

O'er an oft-travelled road, we yet may find
An object still o'erlooked, though every day,
We may have journeyed : an inquiring mind
Will find of interest, many things that may
His fancy please, or eke his thoughts environ ;
We can't expect all men to write like Byron.

IX.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
"We ne'er may look upon his like again."
When Greece implored, for foreign aid did call,
He gave them wealth ; the talent of his brain ;
Died on her classic ground ; his lustrous mind,
Was, as a "Drummond light," to other kind.

X.

Peace to thy manes ! Child of Liberty !
Would I could chant thy praises, as became
Thy due from man ; who wrote, that if not free,
All should be so :—Oh ! honored be thy name ;
For though by rank a nobleman of Britain ;
Thou'rt "nature's too ;" this last, thyself hast written.

XI.

But I will now advert unto the Harp
Of Erin's isle ; whose skilful bards can ne'er
(Though practised on its strings, with flat and sharp)
Give note of misery's sounds, that rend the air,
And pierce with pain the fine and feeling ear ;
With cries of "Where is bread?" and echo answers, "Where?"

XII.

Such subjects hurt my mind ; and feelings creep
Around my heart, as I my tale unfold ;
Dread sorrow's wail does o'er my senses sweep :
My gentle reader, you, if young or old,
Will join in feeling grief and joy, by turns,
As I've oft done, when reading works by "*Burns*."

XIII.

It does one good to mingle joy with grief.
Suppose the case your own ; but, for another,
You cannot well add joy ;—the heart's relief,
In one case you might find ; else it would smother
Your sympathy ; and there is nothing finer :
" 'Tis human nature's very best definer."

XIV.

Oh ! that the human heart was achromatic,
Or, like a mirror, bright, to nature true ;
We soon should all be truly democratic,
Or else, would all be shown in proper hue :
Each find his neighbor out, they him, in turn ;
Ah, me ! what holes in friendship it would burn :—

XV.

Three angels, then, reclining on a cloud,
Benign in feature ; studiously intent
On some pure object ; softly spoke, nor loud
In their harangue, (you'll soon know what they meant,)
As zephyrs did their accents gently breathe ;
As lovers whisper, when they're taking leave.

XVI.

We know how men will talk upon a theme,
Which wearing out, revert soon to another ;
We know how some will argue on a dream,
Not dreaming that they thus their neighbor bother :—
For all are wise men in their own conceit ;
They live in every town, and dwell in every street.

XVII.

To find out what is wisdom, seems a puzzle ;
Monarchs have tried it, e'en in every way :
Some thought if they the press could only muzzle,—
So Louis Phillippe did ; then ran away,
And left a proof that wisdom's not confined,
But may be wanting in a monarch's mind.

XVIII.

Frenchmen may truly hate the name of Bourbon ;
'Tis not a sweet one, and I'd change it soon,
If 'twas my name, although it rhymes with bon-bon,
Unless my brain had visited the moon :
And while the measure rests upon my tongue,
"Name a dog worthless, and he's better hung."

XIX.

Oh, Albert ! not of England am I speaking,
Though I may you address, before I'm through ;
But of Bavaria's king, who trouble seeking,
Proves he lacks wisdom, just as much as Louis ;
No reason why the truth should not be said,
The legs of Lola sure have turned his head.

XX.

Louis, once king of one of Europe's countries,
Did you forget how much would think your people ?
How could you fall in love with Lola Montes,
And bring down royal rank from its high steeple ?
For when they saw her ruling, in thy name,
They thought thy subjects all could do the same.

XXI.

But this I'd fain excuse ; 'tis only human,
For I myself have often felt the smart ;
One cannot help but love a pretty woman,
She surely is the load-stone of the heart :
Now will the ladies, as I'm so vivacious,
Say what the men are ?—Bless their pretty faces !!

XXII.

Then he, of all the Russias, who by far,
Of monarchs, richest ; (titles make me sick
At heart) by some, he's called the Czar,
Or Emperor : I wish his prototype, old Nick,
Would place them all,—I don't mean in Bavaria,
But in a colder place ; 'tis called Siberia.

XXIII.

Some, for their evil acts, receive rewards ;
Whilst Russia dooms her patriots to exile :
Though we may doubt her right to such awards,
She's found herself rewarded by their toil ;
For notwithstanding that the climate's cold,
'Tis known to be prolific of fine gold.

XXIV.

Thou tyrant over serfs, thy fellow-men,
 Oh ! pause, for fear no future peace you find !
 If e'er thou think'st of dying, 'twill be when
 Thy errors and thy crimes will cross thy mind.
 Reform your code of all inhuman laws,
 Banish the knout forever from your shores.

XXV.

Albert, of England—not of English birth—
 How fares it with thee ?—not, how fares thy people ?
 They seem to be to thee so little worth,
 That I can't help but of your conduct speak ill :
 Nor wonder that my choler knows no bounds,
 While Christians starve, that you may feed your hounds.

XXVI.

Was't not enough to foist yourself upon
 A generous people ? Oh ! thou Cousin-German,
 Was't not enough, (I hate a feeble pun,)
 That you were made a sort of Royal Herr-man
 To Britain's queen ? Yet you, by lavish acts,
 Have wronged the people. These are sober facts.

XXVII.

I guess I may as well advert to Spain :
 Was Brazil not enough, Oh, Louis Phillippe, Oh!—
 What ! “ Monsieur Tonson, are you here again ?”—
 Muños, Christina, and Espartero,
 Could add no laurels to the house of Bourbon :
 God knows, it sadly wants a moral-cordon.

XXVIII.

For Belgium, too, you really were quite greedy ;
 I'd like to know, how soon they mean to leave :
 I'm sure the people will be always ready,
 And when they're gone, none will their absence grieve.
 'Tis well to hasten—bad to be late, 'tis said :
 No man can travel well without his head.

XXIX.

“ Nous revenons toujours à nos premières amours.”
 You know your country cannot well love you.
 You've said you loved this country, o'er and o'er ;
 Return to us, and thus your love renew.
 'Tis well, in age, by wisdom to grow better ;
 Be democratic,—here no press we fetter.

XXX.

Oh, Spain ! why wilt thou not for e'er dismiss
 The seeds of discord from thy sunny shores ;
 Oh ! pray, return unto past scenes of bliss ;—
 Oh ! pray, leave off these cruel civil wars :
 Your venal court dismiss, with one accord,
 And peace, and plenty shall be your reward.

XXXI.

Some creatures howl, some whine, and others growl ;
 (I've curious thoughts, just now, that ne'er before
 My brain intruded on,) as I've a soul,
 The British Lion has been heard to roar :—
 Spain, I declare you must dispense, 'tis clear,
 With your half king, “ the Duc de Montpensier.”

XXXII.

We all have heard of Prussia :—Prussian blue,
 Has ever been `considered a fine color ;
 I will not say her monarch thinks so, too,
 For he prefers the black and white, not yellow,
 Upon his flag ;—though I will bet a dollar,
 The people like it better in tri-color.

XXXIII.

How are the tables turned ?—but 'tother day,
 It was “ your majesty ;” and then, so loyal
 The nation seemed to you, that you might say,
 They dearly loved their king, with title royal.
 Presto ! they in their majesty have risen ;
 And now, have got his majesty in prison. (¹)

XXXIV.

There's news from Naples—yes, the metropolitan ;
 (I've great praise for thy acts, I'll try and measure it :
 City of taste, and sculpture Neapolitan ;
 I think you've done well to turn out the Jesuit :—
 'Tis always well for nations in a fever,
 To rid their policy of intriguers, ever.

XXXV.

Who would not doubt that person's sanity,
 Who held, that monarchs ever were appointed
 By right divine, to trample on humanity ?
 Yet bishops oft have called them, “ God's anointed.”
 Down to the level of the human race,
 Must monarchs come ;—to better men give place.

XXXVI.

Cursed be that monster, in the guise of man, ⁽²⁾

Whose record, in my ear, this moment sings ;
Defend him, friends of monarchs, if you can ;

He who upheld the right divine of kings :
Oh ! if his heavy sins are e'er forgiven,
None need despair, for all will get to heaven.

XXXVII.

Thou second Judas ! worse e'en than the first :

His crime, by Scripture writ, was pre-ordained ;
You volunteered, (I say it with disgust,)

To keep your fellow-men in bondage chained ;
You both were kindred traitors to your race ;
One sold his Master—t'other wrote for place.

XXXVIII.

Thou wretch ! how felt thy heart, as thy tongue uttered

Those foul untruths—those Machiavelian lies ?
Could one have listened, I am sure you stuttered ;

You must have known you sinned against the skies
Of heaven above, that all the earth doth cover :—
One Judas was enough, without another.

XXXIX.

How many pounds your villany once earned ?

For liberty, how many hearts have broken ?
How many hearts, in misery have yearned—

Misery increased by such words as you've spoken,
Of rights divine ; that tyrants might prolong
Their crimes. Thank God ! such cannot now last long.

XL.

How writers differ :—some gainsay a right ;
Others, more honest, truth unvarnished show ;
Some, thereby merit place in heaven bright,
While others plainly seek the realms below :
'Mongst those who've wrote of kings, as rogues together,
I think it right to name, George Merriweather. (°)

XLI.

Could all the victims of all monarchies,
Be e'er recalled to earth, Oh ! with what pain
Their numbers would be viewed ! with what surprise,
To find among them some of earth's best men,
Whose memories, as the incense of rare flowers,
Refresh the mind, and strengthen freedom's powers.

XLII.

Whilst the heart beats full, 'tis well to count the pulse :
Full well, I know, that monarchy's a crime
Against mankind. Some may try to repulse
Such strong assertion : it must bide its time,
And that time's coming, thanks unto the times :
(Not the newspaper.—No ! Nor yet these rhymes).

XLIII.

Though ripples form the ocean—my name is Rogers ;
I'll place it boldly 'gainst each titled name :
The fire which burned my ancestor, " John Rogers," (4)
Quenched not the spirit, midst the fiery flame.
He was no courtier suited to the times ;
But democrat, as he who writes these rhymes.

XLIV.

He was a martyr ; what he felt, was truth—
As truth upheld, as truth should ever be :
He was a martyr, lesson unto youth ;
For, not for life, would he e'en bend the knee
To regal power ; not e'en the scorching fire
Could change his faith—which all men must admire.

XLV.

Thank God ! I'm free to act, and eke to think ;
Why should I hide my light beneath a bushel,
Why should I, when my country's on the brink
Of earthly freedom, not help push, nor push ill,
And earn my claim as man, if not great fame ?
'Tis painful, though, to dwell on England's shame.

XLVI.

Oh ! monarchy ! I fain would write a page ;
And will too, if I well can spare the time,
To prove thou hailest from a barbarous age—
I'm rather puzzled to make out the rhyme ;—
And then, the subject is one so annoying,
I hardly care, with it, much time employing.

XLVII.

One might perhaps conceive, when it were proper,
(That is to say, some centuries ago,
When knowledge was a sort of interloper
Confined to few ; perhaps 'twas better so ;)
That the most learned should the masses rule ;
Just as schoolmasters pupils do, in school.

XLVIII.

But I've no doubt, full many men will say—
 (There are some years, I yet may live to see)—
 That monarchs pretty much have had their day ;
 I hope, before I die, there will not be
 One left, to sing the other's dirge : it may sound harsh,
 But if there be, I'd play him the "Rogue's March."

XLIX.

Of all the evils visited on man,
 I know of none, unless it be the curse
 (In this short life, which Scripture calls a span),
 Of vice and crime. Oh! monarchy is worse
 Than all the evils ever known to me ;
 'Twas only planned to fetter liberty.

L.

Three angels, then, conversed. The air was free,
 Being meant for all, as well as you and me ;
 For only despots, with hearts black as night,
 E'er thought of taxing man for heaven's light ;⁽⁵⁾
 For to their vices true, they would keep dark,
 As dungeon damp, the intellectual spark,

LI.

Whose brightest ray, is love of freedom dear.
 Man can walk upright, proudly, if he's free
 Of all control ; it drives away dull care,
 And lightens labor. Such is Liberty,
 In all its attributes, and I'll endeavor
 To name them ; in the meantime, ask your favor.

LII.

Man, at his birth, exemplifies by breath
A part of space, that nothing can confine ;
It ranges o'er the world, and, until death,
The air you breathe is just the same as mine :
Then how can man, who is but nature's child,
Enslave his fellow-man, and nature see reviled ?

LIII.

Thus men are equal, as to nature's rights ;
Rights each inherits at the hour he's born ;
The broad expanse of earth which the sun lights,
Alike for all. Then, ne'er should bitter scorn
Be cast upon the feeblest child of heaven ;
As, by one God, the breath to all is given.

LIV.

How oft that breath, whate'er the outward form,—
If e'en ungainly, hideous to the eye,—
Doth well discourse, in tones with wisdom warm,
And gives the world, what wealth can never buy.
Th' uncouth exterior may oftentimes confine
A jewel bright, of the intellectual mine.

LV.

I've oft remarked, that men of highest rank,
(I mean of genius,) that their minds became,
(From books of knowledge having deeply drank,)
To Liberty devoted, and its flame
They wished to see extended o'er each nation ;
That man, in every clime, might take his station.

LVI.

“Men are but children of a larger growth.”
 ’Tis “follow my leader,” as with boys at school,
 The same with nations ; though some, as the sloth,
 Are slow to follow democratic rule.
 “The schoolmaster’s abroad ;” in time, he’ll teach
 All men that Liberty’s within their reach.

LVII.

Oh, march of mind ! Oh, mighty education !
 The bonds of tyranny had ne’er been riven
 But for your action :—upon every nation (⁶)
 Your blessings, pray, confer. Mind’s but a prison ;
 You are the key that gives its thoughts release,
 That will, in time, insure all nations peace.

LVIII.

Has not foul tyranny e’er been inimical
 Unto its growth ? no fostering care been given
 About the poor, within whose breasts a miracle
 Of Science may have beamed, as if from heaven ?
 Ah, yes, indeed how lost, oft to mankind,
 The gem of genius, and the might of mind.

LIX.

What has the world not lost ? we cannot tell,
 Though we may, p’raps, conjecture, from the fact
 That in Republics, which I love so well,
 Men from the mass, have shown, by many an act,
 That mind, unfettered, will its strength denote :—
 ’Twas such an one perfected the steamboat. (⁷)

LX.

Neglected talent ! how shall I compare

Thy griefs and sorrows, through an anxious life ?
'Tis past the efforts of my pen, I fear,

Yet will I try, and paint the tearful strife :
Thus genius, trammelled by monarchic power,
May be compared as to a desert flower.

LXI.

Or, like the bud that might become a flower,

If left to bloom, as flowers sweetly blow ;
But, being crushed beneath the brutal power
Of bestial hoof, or nipped by frost or snow,
Incipient withers,—unfulfilled its duty,
Withholding both its fragrance and its beauty.

LXII.

Like to the hidden jewel in the mine,

Its brilliant hue reflects no ray of light,
Nor adds adornment to fair beauty's shrine :—

If fostered kindly, 'twould (as doth dim night
Give place to day,) develop all its power,
And over earth its matured virtues shower.

LXIII.

As sordid wealth, that misers do withhold,

Who know no pleasure, save its contemplation ;—
I pity much the men who worship gold ;

As men, they but disgrace their moral station :
So genius, crushed by rank aristocratical,
Inutile doth become, for purpose practical.

LXIV.

Or, like the pearl, that lies beneath the waves,
By oyster held, unvalued, though "sans prix,"
Midst rocky grotts its snowy whiteness laves,
Pure, undefiled, as should be Liberty:
Yet, let some diver bring the pearl to light,
All earth is ravished with the beauteous sight.

LXV.

Just so with genius, if 'neath humble guise,
For nature spreads her treasures here and there,
Nor gives to wealth her most resplendent prize;
But with all classes doth most freely share
Her flowers of mind; and when the world finds out
"Another Daniel," then they all cry out,—(8)

LXVI.

"Ah, yes! I told you so—we all foresaw
His rising talent!" Oh! thou humbug world!
Pity you had not found it out before,
And kindly fanned the flame that brightly curled
Around some patriot heart, filled with Promethean fire,
Who lived to bless mankind; yet none helped his desire.

LXVII.

But when the work is done, (no matter what
It may relate to; if to make men free,
Or feed the poor, as wealth they have it not,
I wish their feeding was but left to me,
And I'd the power,—Oh! they should ever feast,
And fast, with letter E., should rhyme with yeast,)

LXVIII.

Yes! when the work is done—the work of years—
Laborious toil, research, and application
Of genius rare; eyes moistened, p'raps, with tears,
Wasting both health and talent for a nation
That gave no helping hand; (shame, be it said,
The best of men have died, for want of bread,)

LXIX.

And when the work is done, the author gone,
(Or if you please, we'll say instead, inventor;)
Gone to the grave, even without a stone
To mark the spot where may have lain a Mentor;
One who'd enriched the world, yet died so poor,
The world should have repaid him long before:—

LXX.

But he is gone; (we all shall go in time;)
And then the world, like friends, find out his worth;
Get up condolence, that with falsehood chime,
And fume, and fret, about his place of birth;
Erect a tomb, as empty in its vanity,
As was his stomach, suffering from inanity.

LXXI.

My bile is rising, as will beer or porter
When bottled, if the cork you should withdraw.
I'd rather make this poem long than shorter,
If e'en it should not be without a flaw;
For I uphold each man should love his brother,—
How oft one verse is followed by another.

LXII.

And it, by chance, is better than the former,—
 May give a new idea ; the mind finds vent ;
 And as one writes, or reads, like a performer
 On stage, it may define new sentiment
 As yet unknown :—all this is right and proper ;
 So I shall give my thoughts, nor care a copper

LXXIII.

As t' who may disagree, or e'en find fault,
 For I've a notion that I like the Yankee ;
 I like his countrywomen,—so shan't halt ;
 To those who like me, why, I can say thank'ee.
 I like that motto much, it was well said,
 " Just first be sure you're right, then go ahead." (9)

LXXIV.

To think right, mean right, and also do right,
 Is not so easy ; I could show good reason,
 'Tis better to prevent than make a fight :—
 To conquer's glory, but defeat is treason ;
 That is, when men, with tyranny disgusted,
 Strive to destroy a rule that can't be trusted.

LXXV.

" Pleasures of Hope" have pleased half the world,
 Of " Pleasures of Memory" I may say the same ;
 The miseries of despair have often hurled
 Into Eternity, mortals, whose fair fame
 Should e'er be cherished ;—oft the tyrant's prison
 Has closed the door on hope, when it had risen

LXXVI.

To cheer the patriot, in whose inmost breast
Was love of country, paramount control
O'er every passion, save the one caressed
With human love, the link of human soul.
Oft has the hope, his countrymen should sip
The cup of freedom, been dashed from the lip

LXXVII.

By armed bands, who work a despot's will,
By arts sinister, with a priestly craft, (¹⁶)
Unholy union, as the eagle's quill
Doth guide the poison, fired with the shaft
From tightened bow, a controverted power,
Emblem of liberty, compelled to shower

LXXVIII.

Its deathly influence o'er the human form.
There is no hope where misery's despair
Circles a land where justice don't conform
Its duties unto all. All memory there
Dwells on the past with grief; the future seems
An arid desert, with its mirage streams.

LXXIX.

Yet do I not despair, but truly hope
The time will come, when all men shall be free
To speak, as well as write; thus greater scope
All minds possessing, nature's truths will be
By all men followed; none his neighbor switch ill,
Or in a prison hulk place any Mitchell.

LXXX.

“ Mitchell” shall live forever, in the page
 Of Freedom’s volume, ’long with many others.
 Oh ! what a glorious theme, I will engage
 Such men act truly to all men, as brothers.
 Such men excite our praise ; I wish they could
 Excite their brothers, for their country’s good.

LXXXI.

Erin, I wish, (and yet I have no right,
 So cannot blame thee, crushed as thou art now,)
 Still, do I wish that thoud’st begin the fight
 Of Freedom, for thy Isle, and make a vow
 That thy sons live as first in Freedom’s van,
 Or die as men,—so writes an Englishman.

LXXXII.

“ Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,
 Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow ?”
 Why let your Isle remain a desert spot,
 Unlit with Freedom’s torch,—or is it so,
 That suffering’s dread of former struggles, yet
 Bleed as fresh wounds, still keep thy memory wet ?

LXXXIII.

Is’t as the bird with scarcely formed pinions,
 Which yearns to soar, yet conscious they want power,
 Refrains their strength to test ? Thus England’s minions (¹¹)
 In Erin’s Isle remain enslaved. The hour
 Shall surely come, that will those minions free,
 As wings impel the bird, from nest to liberty.

LXXXIV.

Then must they rest, until their mind's prepared,
 As the young bird, when fully fledged his wings,
 His flight essayed, and though at first he feared,
 Their strength to test, he now in triumph sings;—
 Sings as I write for Freedom. Unto thee,
 Erin, I promise thy sons, Liberty.

LXXXV.

What's in a name? an honest man ne'er fears it;
 What's in a name? a good or bad man may
 Have the same name; 'tis then, that he who wears it,
 On it sheds shame or lustre;—so I'll say
 To all, as John, or James, or Charles, or Ronald,
 Pray ne'er disgrace your name as has McDonald. (¹²)

LXXXVI.

What's in a name? I'd just as leave be Ryan,
 Meagher, or Duffy, for I'm pretty certain,
 I'd not add insult to a brave O'Brien,
 A prisoner in my hands:—I'd draw the curtain
 O'er his alleged offences. (I deny 'em;
 But what's the use? he's doomed before they try him.)

LXXXVII.

Which of the twain most honor should command,
 (That is to say, McDonald, or O'Brien?)
 The one risked life to free his native land;
 The other, a paid butcher, with his eye on
 A higher rank; another link to fetter (¹³)
 The suffering mass,—O'Brien acted better.

NOTES TO CANTO I.

(¹) *And now have got his majesty in prison.*

So reported in the daily press, when written.

(²) *Cursed be that monster in the guise of man.*

Dr. Sacheverel.

(³) *I think it right to name George Merriweather.*

Author of "Kings the Devil's viceroys."

(⁴) *The fire which burned my ancestor, "John Rogers."*

Prebend of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. My ancestor, in a direct line. For an account of his martyrdom, see "Fox's Martyrs."

(⁵) *E'er thought of taxing man for heaven's light.*

I allude to the window tax of Great Britain.

(⁶) *But for your action upon every nation.*

Ignorance is most easily kept in subjection, by enlightening the mind with truth. Fraud and usurpation would be less practicable, and less secure.—Introduction to the "World Displayed."

(⁷) *'Twas such an one perfected the steamboat.*

Robert Fulton.

(*) "*Another Daniel?*" then they all cry out.

From Hunt's Merchants' Magazine for November.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF AMERICAN GENIUS IN ENGLAND.

Those who have read the narrative of the sufferings of ragged and hungry Genius, as told by the sufferers themselves in Johnson's *Life of Savage* and in Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, will listen to the following letter addressed to a distinguished gentleman in this country, a chapter of autobiography, with like interest; for like those narratives, it not only describes the trials, but is written, also, with the energetic pen of Genius.

The writer is Mr. J. R. Remington, a young man, a Virginian by birth. After residing for a while in Alabama, a few years since he went to Washington, and exhibited there the models and drawings of several ingenious and (as they have since proved) valuable mechanical inventions of his own. At Washington he made little headway. One of his inventions was a bridge, constructed on a novel principle, or rather a principle newly applied, and by which bridges of timber of great length can be thrown across rivers and wide railroad cuts without intermediate support. People looked and admired; but somehow, although they saw much that was strikingly original, they could not see how the contrivances were to be made practically useful. Fulton's first steamboat drew crowds of such admirers round it when it was on the stocks.

Mr. Remington was not discouraged.

He went to England, arriving in London early in January, 1847. He went, to use his striking language, in "search of a man;" like the old philosopher, he sought for but one mind capable of sympathetic appreciation. He carried with him his plans, a teeming brain, a letter of introduction, and an empty purse.

The story of Mr. Remington's success has been told by the lips of others, as was most meet; we leave it to himself to describe his struggles and probation.—His letter would be marred by any attempt on our part to add or amplify.

"STAFFORD, ENGLAND, Aug. 15, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR:—I should have written sooner but that I had nothing pleasant to say. I reached London on the first of January, 1847, without money or friends, which was just the thing I desired when I left America, and just the thing, I assure you, I will never desire again. I commenced operations at once, on the supposition that, in this over-

grown city, I would at least enlist one man. But Englishmen are not Americans. An Englishman will advance any amount on an absolute certainty, but not one penny where there is the slightest risk, if he got the whole world by it. I spent the first five months looking for this man with unparalleled perseverance and industry, living for less than three pence per day. I am convinced that few persons in London know so much of that incomprehensibly large city as myself. But alas! my wardrobe was gone to supply me with wretchedly baked corn bread, on which I lived entirely. I slept on straw, for which I paid a half penny per night. I became ragged and filthy, and could no longer go among men of business. Up to this time my spirits never sunk, nor did they then; but my sufferings were great. My limbs distorted with rheumatism, induced by cold and exposure—my face and head swelled to a most unnatural size with cold and toothache, and those who slept in the same horrid den as myself were wretched street beggars, the very cleanest of them literally alive with all manner of creeping things. But I was *no* beggar. I never begged, nor ever asked a favor of any man since I came to England. Ask George Bancroft, whom I called upon two or three times, if ever I asked the slightest favor, or even presumed upon the letter you gave me to him. I did write him a note, asking him to come and witness the triumph of opening the bridge at the Gardens, and delivered the note at his own house myself; and although Prince Albert came, I never got even a reply to my note. If Bancroft had come, and been the man to have only recognized me in my rags as I was, it would have saved me much subsequent suffering. I will not believe that Bancroft ever saw my note, for his deportment to me was ever kind.

The succeeding three months after the first five, I will not detail, up to the time I commenced to build the bridge. I will not harrow up my feelings to write, nor pain your kind heart to read the incidents of those ninety days. My head turned gray, and I must have died but for the Jews, who did give me one shilling down for my acknowledgment of £10 on demand. These wicked robberies have amounted to several hundred pounds, every penny of which I have had to pay subsequently; for since my success at Stafford, not a man in England who can read, but knows my address. It cost me £10 to obtain the shilling with which I paid my admittance into the Royal Zoological gardens, where I succeeded, after much mortification, in getting the ghost of a model made of the bridge.—The model, although a bad one, astonished every body. Every engineer of celebrity in London was called in to decide

whether it was practicable to throw it across the lake. Four or five of them, at the final decision, declared that the model before them was passing strange, but that it could not be carried to a much greater length than the length of the model. I was standing amidst men of the supposed greatest talents as civil engineers, that the world could produce, and the point decided against me. This one time alone were my whole energies ever aroused. I never talked before—I was haggard and faint for want of food—my spirits sunk in sorrow in view of my mournful prospects—clothes I had none—yet, standing over this model, did I battle with those men. Every word I uttered came from my inmost soul, and was big with truth—every argument carried conviction. The effect on those men was like magic—indeed, they must have been devils not to have believed under the circumstances. *I succeeded.* My agreement with the proprietor was, that I should superintend the construction of the bridge without any pay whatever, but during the time of the building I might sleep in the Gardens, and if the bridge should succeed, it should be called ‘Remington’s Bridge.’

“I lodged in an old *lion’s cage*, not strong enough for a lion, but by putting some straw on the floor, held me very well, and indeed was a greater luxury than I had for months. The carpenters that worked on the bridge sometimes gave me part of their dinner. On this I lived, and was comparatively happy. It was a little novel, however, to see a man in rags directing gentlemanly-looking carpenters. The bridge triumphed, and the cost was £8, and was the greatest hit ever made in London. The money made by it is astonishingly great, thousands and tens of thousands crossing it, paying toll, besides being the great attraction to the Gardens. Not a publication in London but what has written largely upon it. Although I have never received a penny, nor ever will, for building the bridge, I have no fault to find with Mr. Tyler, the proprietor, for he has done all fully that he promised—that was, to call it ‘Remington’s Bridge.’ The largest woodcut perhaps ever made in the world, is made of the bridge. Every letter of my name is nearly as large as myself. The bridge, to this day, is the prominent curiosity of the Gardens. You can’t open a paper but you may find ‘Remington’s Bridge.’ Soon after it was built, I have frequently seen hundreds of men looking at the large picture of the bridge at the corners of the streets, and envying Remington, when I have stood unknown in the crowd, literally starving. However, the great success of the bridge gave me some credit with a tailor. I got a suit of clothes and some shirts—a clean shirt! Any shirt was great, but a clean shirt

—O God, what a luxury! Thousands of cards were left for me at the Gardens, and men came to see the bridge from all parts of the kingdom. But with all my due-bills in the hands of the hell-born Jews, of course I had to slope, and came down to Stafford.

“I first built the mill, which is the most popular patent ever taken in England. The coffee-pot, and many other small patents, take exceedingly well.—The drainage of Tixall Meadows is the greatest triumph I have yet had in England. The carriage bridge for Earl Talbot is a most majestic and wonderfully beautiful thing. Dukes, marquises, earls, lords, &c., and their ladies, are coming to see it from all parts. I have now more orders for bridges from the aristocracy than I can execute in ten years, if I would do them. Indeed, I have been so much among the aristocracy of late, that what with high living, being so sudden a transition from starving, I have been compelled to go through a course of medicine, and am just now convalescent. Of course, anything once built precludes the possibility of taking a patent in England, but its merits and value are beyond all calculation.

“A permanent, beautiful, and steady bridge may be thrown across a river half a mile wide, out of the reach of floods, and without any thing touching the water, at a most inconsiderable expense. The American patent is well secured at home I know. I shall continue to build a few more bridges of larger and larger spans, and one of them a railroad bridge, in order that I may perfect myself in them so as to commence fair when I reach America. I have a great many more accounts of my exploits since I came to Stafford, but must defer sending them until next time. I beg you will write me, for now, since a correspondence is opened, I shall be able to tell you something about England. I know it well. I have dined with earls, and from that down—down—down to where the knives, forks and plates, are chained to the table for fear they should be stolen. I am, my dear sir, your obed’t serv’t,

“J. R. REMINGTON.”

(⁹) *Just first be sure you’re right, then go ahead.*

The saying of the well known late Col. David Crockett, who fell, fighting like a lion, covered with wounds, at the battle of the Alamo, in Texas.

(¹⁰) *By arts sinister with a priestly craft.*

Bolingbroke, in his dissertation on parties, says: “Some men there are, the pests of society, I think them, who pretend a great regard to religion, in general; but who take every opportunity of declaiming

publicly against that system of religion, or at least against that church establishment which is received in Great Britain." (And again.) "We should find ourselves, therefore, without any form of religion or civil government!!"

Church and State should ever be disunited. Man is a free agent; should not be controlled in thought; and only in action, by enactments emanating from the people, for their own government.—*Author*.

(¹¹) *Minion*.

See Johnson.—A low dependent.

(¹²) *Pray ne'er disgrace your name as has McDonald.*

Gen. McDonald, on Mr. Wm. S. O'Brien's being brought before him, taunted him with the remark: "I once had the honor of dining with you at your brother's, Sir Lucius's, if it was an honor." Perceiving that he had hurt the feelings of the noble prisoner, he tried to apologize, saying he did not mean to insult him. (*Mean craven.*)

(¹³) *A higher rank, another link to fetter.*

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he munna fa' that!
For a that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Robert Burns.—*For a' that and a' that.*

CANTO II.



CANTO II.

I.

I'm not forgetful of those glorious forms
That we left floating in their proper sphere ;
They have their duties—I've mine ; it conforms
With theirs in love and practice. What is clear
Should be by all men followed,—worthy labor ;
'Tis how to benefit yourself, and neighbor.

II.

So while I to my duty pay attention,
We'll leave them unto theirs, and travel on
From line to line. It will be right to mention,
How oft upon the line men cavil on
Old Neptune's rights ;—'tis known he ne'er lets slip
His right to shave the crew of every ship.

III.

Then this has brought me to the powers of man,
Surpassing those of every other creature ;
And that Democracy's the only plan
Men should pursue. It brings out every feature
Of varied mind—its genius, enterprise,
By steam and sail, the winds and waves defies.

IV.

Oh, Man ! thou master of all things that are
On earth, in water, air too ; who by sail
Bestrides the seas in ships, to climes afar ;
And too, by steamers, overcomes the gale ;
That o'er the earth by railroad travels,—soon
We 'll have some genius perfect the balloon !

V.

And then we may th' aerial world explore.
I 've seen things done, that a few years ago
Were little dreamt of. It was quite a bore
The way news travelled then ; it was so slow
In the mail-coaches, and conveyed by letter ;
I like friend "Morse's" telegraph much better. (¹)

VI.

Oh ! what a link of thought, to bind together
Friends at a distance, (as I may make a dash,
With my gold pen.) In spite of every weather,
They pass a message by the lightning flash
Of Morse's magnet, along copper wires :—
We shall, in time, attain all our desires.

VII.

Sears have pretended knowledge of futurity ;
False prophets told, what never came to pass ;
Yet many things there are, that of a surety
Have seemed unlikely, as the curious glass
Or telescopic instrument, which by a girl (²)
Was late invented. Those who dive for pearl,

VIII.

Or fond of making sub-marine researches

In search of wealth, or curious things, that lie
Beneath the ocean wave, whereon oft lurches

Many a gallant ship, and brave men die,
Whene'er those lurches have borne too severely
Upon a gallant craft. 'Twas very nearly

IX.

Upon our passage 'cross the great Atlantic ;

(Though we had glorious weather half the time,
Felt overjoyed—people with joy go frantic,—

Just so with grief,)—in language maritime,
A white squall struck us ;—'twas 'bout two o'clock,
And nearly sunk us. 'Twas a dreadful shock.

X.

Oh, such a scene ! confusion worse confounded

Among the passengers ; and one poor sailor
Fell overboard ; a spar got loose, rebounded,

And struck a passenger, who was a tailor ;
The vessel reeled, he gave a fearful cry—
Down the hatchway fell. The sea ran mountains high ;

XI.

But our brave captain—glorious fellow he—

Trumpet in hand, soon had the ship in trim ;
I vow, if e'er again I go to sea,

I 'd like just such another, for to him
Were we indebted for our precious lives ;
For life is dear to all—'tis precious ;—wives,

XII.

Husbands and children, bachelors and maids,
Who thro' the squall were many of them squalling ;
While others said their prayers, (of many trades
And occupations ;) then the mate hoarse bawling,
To reef, and furl, and clew, and shorten sail ;—
All thanked God they'd got safely through the gale.

XIII.

In the confusion, (I before did say,) (³)
A tar fell overboard, for midst the racket
Such cry was made. But later in the day,
When “ hands were piped,” it proved to be a jacket.
The ship, and captain's name you'll like to know—
'Twas the Columbia ; Captain Delano.

XIV.

But to my subject,—treating of inventions—
I'll quick return, (as men through life e'er should,
To their right station ;) though the harsh contentions
Of winds and waves, a moral for our good,
May we take note of. Though the atmosphere
Be not propitious, truth need never fear

XV.

Contact with aught, for like our well-built ship,
Its timbers sound will bring it safe to port,
When wisely steered ; how oft will falsehood trip,
And sink for life him who sets truth at nought.
Truth's as a virgin pure, as spotless white ;
Falsehood, a shadow ; aye, as dark as night.

XVI.

Well then, for peace, we have the great peace-maker ; (⁴)

For private use, the many-barrelled shooter ;

It seems as if man was an undertaker,

Who lived by death ; as if man was a brute, or

That life, that is but short, without disaster,

Should be foreshortened, and men die the faster.

XVII.

And still again, we have another gun, (⁵)

A great one, but I'll not take it to pieces ;

Though they can who for use should e'er require one ;

'Twill handy be, as it from death releases

Your adversaries, if upon the mountains

They should ensconce for safety. Blood in fountains

XVIII.

Has too oft flowed, from such things diabolical—

'Tis hardly vile enough a term to use ;

Dost think that such inventors parabolical,

Do thirst for blood, that such things they should choose,

To waste or throw away their time upon ?

I'd rather die at once than create one.

XIX.

But then, you know, 'tis only my opinion

I give, for what 'tis worth, nor do I care,

As I to falsehood never was a minion ;

I speak my mind, the future only fear ;

I may be wrong—the world may be the same ;

I like to call each thing by its right name.

XX.

Oh ! moral world ! Oh ! mother earth in specs !
 (I wish you'd take them off, you'd see the better,)
 How oft have men been hung up by their necks,
 Because they could not starve, so stole a letter ;—
 (Not A, or B—I hate such things to minute,)
 A letter sent by post, with money in it.

XXI.

I pander not to wealth, much less to crime ;
 Nor will uphold such crime as I have quoted :
 “ Two wrongs ne'er make a right,” and it is time
 The world grew more humane—for mercy noted ;
 For there are many crimes it treats no better,
 Than the mere pilfering of a written letter.

XXII.

I'd like to see a certain glorious nation,
 In this, as other matters, take the lead ;
 Reject the penal death-bond :—all creation
 Was made by Him who made us ; nor, indeed,
 Have we the power, the right, I meant to say,
 What we did not create, to take away.

XXIII.

“ Who fights and runs, may fight another day ;”
 Who commits crime, be pardoned by repentance—
 And save that soul, that else is thrown away.
 Then let mankind reverse such cruel sentence ;
 And be content, to hold from further crime
 The vicious man, and let him bide death's time.

XXIV.

The great Jehovah sent his Son to save,
But not destroy the sinner : mercy's lesson
From such a source. We all must seek the grave,
And mercy need ;—then let us heed its blessing :
All should abhor foul crime, of every kind—
The cruel seek revenge ; not so the noble mind.

XXV.

Crimes have been done—would I could blot them out
With my warm tears, from the past page of time ;
Would that my pleadings could but bring about
What would prevent, in future, such sad crime ;—
Would that on mercy minds of men were bent,
Nor leave a chance to shed blood innocent.

XXVI.

All think it hard to leave this world behind ;—
The rich, who riot mid affluent wealth ;
The poor, who've nought to leave (but poor behind) ;
The wretch, who plunders, and who lives by stealth ;
The man of rank, of office, hates to die ;
All men desire to live—as so do I.

XXVII.

But then, to die an ignominious death—
Charged with foul crime, from which the heart must shrink,
Though pleading innocence to latest breath,
Yet unbelieved, thrust forth beyond the brink
Of death's dread gulf, (my mind in sorrow mourns,)
“ The bourne from whence no traveller returns.”

XXVIII.

And then the memory its record gives ;
Still lives the last, yes ! last link that remains
Unsevered, binding still to earth what lives,
Or rather did ; its purity retains.
To think that memory, once so pure, should be
By falsehood made as crime ; this unto me

XXIX.

Is grief ; yes ! deep, distressing, racking grief.
'Tis bad to kill a person ; 'tis then worse
To blast, as well, his memory. The thief
Will hide his crime ; and why ? He feels the curse
Of a bad name. Then why should men so err ?
Oh ! punish crime, or pardon ; but, pray, ne'er

XXX.

Hang men for crime ; for fear you may hang one,
Who was as free from crime as child unborn.
Men bear false witness—father has 'gainst son ;
The poor man, without friends, may be the scorn,
As well as scape-goat of the richer rogue ;
Then legal murder banish—'t has been too long in vogue.

XXXI.

Again, to think that life is like a spark,
On the bright torch of time, that soon goes out :
Some flicker rather longer. In the dark
And silence of the tomb, I have no doubt,
That if the spark of thought lives, though unseen,
All think of things gone by : yes, king and queen,

XXXII.

The peer, the peasant, parson, parson's clerk,
 Merchant and tradesman, sexton and bell-ringer,
 Canvass their past bad actions in the dark, ⁽⁶⁾
 Or contemplate on good ones, as a singer
 Doth in his carol, when he knows his power,
 Give it strength, *vice versa*, his tones lower.

XXXIII.

Just so the artist charms and cheats the eye,
 By beauteous form, or richer landscape view ;
 (Rare talent to possess.) I know not why
 So few possess it, unless nature, true
 To all mankind, on every man bestows
 A native talent. Genius, as the "Rose,"

XXXIV.

"By any other name would smell as sweet:"
 So genius, changed by term, remains the same ;
 The artist, sculptor, engineer, or neat
 Mechanic, laborer, (and I more could name,)
 As surgeon, navigator, and the poet, ⁽⁷⁾
 Each in his sphere esteemed : all men should know it.

XXXV.

"They're nature's noblemen"—all men of station ;
 Honored by virtue, industry, and truth ;
 Links of the chain of compact in a nation ;
 All are alike, examples bright for youth :—
 For vice and crime alone, we should condemn
 To obloquy and scorn, all wicked men.

XXXVI.

Oh! glorious pride! to think, that through a life
Of lengthened years, we can look back upon
The vista of past days, passed without strife;
Can die with honor, and bequeath to son
Or daughter dear, the proudest title known,
"An honest man," surpassing king on throne.

XXXVII.

'Tis very oft religion makes the breach
Of deadly hatred, between man and man:
Some doctrines more than others, hatred teach;
Though I'll not name them, but you know you can,
That's if you please, to suit your own idea:—
I wish all minds of bigotry were clear.

XXXVIII.

Yet, I can't blame those who, in early life,
Have learned religion, as they drank their milk,
At early birth,—each man should love his wife;
Respect his neighbor; ne'er his neighbor bilk.
Again, some minds are weak unfruitful ground;
We cannot, with an ounce, e'er weigh a pound.

XXXIX.

All things seem odd, at times e'en truth itself;
All men are odd, in their peculiar way;
It odd appears, that some so fond of pelf,
Lose sight of truth, bring falsehood into play;
Play false with nature. As the bruit doth bellow,
Should all men follow truth, as an Odd-Fellow.

XL.

"Truth, love, and friendship," 'tis a worthy motto,
And one the Order follows; 'mong the Order, (°)
'Tis to humanity, as to the nose is Otto
Of Rose from Turkey brought, or near its border;
Thus it appears the Anti-Christian Turks,
Love perfumes as well as nature's fairest works.

XLI.

And such as I have seen, no Houri rare,
Or Peri from Turkish paradise, I vow,
Could with such earthly beauty e'er compare,
The bare remembrance sets me trembling now;
For if I was e'er inclined to bend the knee
With eager prayer, 'twas to the fairest she.

XLII.

My eyes once rested on an earthly Hebe!
Of faultless form,—such bust, such neck and head,
With-jet black hair, eyes shining bright; not Phœbe,
Nor Jane her name: No! it shall ne'er be said
I made it known; for like her beauteous form,
I'll e'er it cherish, while my heart's blood's warm.

XLIII.

'Tis a strange sympathy, that link of love,
Which binds together strong and weaker sexes;
'Tis strange such sympathy should ever move
From off its seat, when pride or temper vexes.
Is it that love rotates? (the earth goes round,)
Or like to seed that's sown on barren ground?

XLIV.

Or, is it not—the term's oft misapplied,—
 That few its passion feel ; as scarce is truth,
 At least as daily practised. Ill allied
 Are those in Hymen's bonds ; for Age and Youth
 As are the poles—in opposite directions.
 'Tis quite disgusting ; 'nough to invite reflections.

XLV.

Now, only think ! A pretty little Miss,
 Because her parents are not very wealthy,
 Should be so sacrificed : compelled to kiss ;
 (I feel quite angry) wedded to some unhealthy
 Retired merchant ; or else, hoary sinner,
 Who gloats on beauty, as upon a dinner

XLVI.

Does the gourmand ; and he may chance to be
 A gouty alderman, or p'raps lord mayor, (°) -
 Who may be a good judge of Calipee ;
 I thank God ! in this country, that there are
 None to be found ;—*his* show creates spectators,
 And we have got our share of alligators.

XLVII.

To treat of beauty will create its rata
 Of fine-drawn eloquence, or fine-drawn writing ;
 To treat of brutes, or brutal acts, 'tis nature
 That makes us speak ; as subjects uninviting
 Should be condemned to stoutly bear the lash
 Of biting truth : while I my pen can dash,

XLVIII.

They'll get their measure. Curses on the head
 Of every parent, who can e'er consign
 To hopeless misery their child; compell'd to wed
 With dotard age. I swear no child of mine
 Shall e'er be trammelled; all that I'll desire,
 They'll match with honest men. I'll not require

XLIX.

The gilt or gingerbread of gew-gaw wealth;
 How oft acquired, ask the daily press,
 Look round the world. Oh! give me youth, with health,
 Industrious action, and I will caress
 My daughter's choice as future son-in-law,
 Yes! though his pedigree may have such flaw

L.

As that his grandfather was but a tailor;
 Or his great-grandsire might be something worse;
 As that he cobbled shoes, or else a nailer;
 As tinker, mended pans; or drove a hearse:—
 I care for no such flaws, they earned their bread:
 We'll want an undertaker when we're dead.

LI.

Oh, democratic Death! Oh, ruthless leveller!
 Thou radical to pomp, or wealth, or glory,
 Thou refuge unto grief;—unto the reveller
 In luxury, or laboring poor, thou tell'st one story;
 What pains men take to stop each other's breath,
 Knowing thou'lt quickly come to all, Oh, Death!

LII.

But to our angels, (though they never sleep,
To give me time, we may as well suppose
They do ; with poets, curious thoughts will creep ;
'Twill answer just as well, as I propose
To moralize upon its virtues rare :)
Oh ! Sleep, thou banishest away dull care.

LIII.

Then, Democratic Sleep has been provided
To refresh life, and rest the weary eyelid ;
Strengthen the powers of mind, by relaxation ;
Yet some that occupy a certain station,
Do rob and curtail man of his repose.
I'll give thy blessings, Sleep, in sober prose.

LIV.

Oh, Sleep, thou poor man's blessing, nature's dearest gift !
To all thou art equal : pure Democracy
Thou teachest man.
The rich, the poor, the sick, the well, all hail thee,
Solace of the weary mind :
Thou rest unto the fatigued limbs of man,
How shall I tell the succors of thy balmy, sweet repose ?

LV.

The prattling child, whose toysome hours grow long,
And little limbs, though lithesome, weary feel,
Doth on its mother's lap, in whining tones,
Sing its short lullaby, and seeks thy charms.

LVI.

The schoolboy next, who studies hard all day, or plays ;
And e'en again at eve, the love of books he seeks ;
Leaves off to pray,
"That God may bless him as he soundly sleeps."
Sweet Sleep !

LVII.

And then the grown-up man, let him be warrior at the canon's mouth ;
Called by the trumpet's sound, his country dear to serve ;
Midst din and strife he passes through the day ;
And when dim night her shadows throws around,
And "nature's self is still,"
He then, on the bare ground,
Doth seek the rest that thou alone canst give,
Blest Sleep !

LVIII.

Or if diplomat, unsuccessful he ;
Ambitious hopes frustrated, honors all,
Like as the ignis fatuus, passing from
The grasp of his heart's wish ;
Doth sickened turn, and finds relief in thee,
Dear Sleep !

LIX.

Again, the love-sick maid,
Whose heart has beaten for her absent swain ;
Her mind bewildered and her passions strained,
Doth fret and pray upon her bended knee,
Till, tired out, she shuts her eyes to thee,
Oh, Sleep !

LX.

And then the mother dear, o'er her sick child,
Doth sit and watch, and minister to all
Its needs and sad necessities
The live-long day. The night—all passes still :
Her eyes unclosed with grief, at last give way,
And find repose in thee,

Kind Sleep !

LXI.

And then old age comes o'er us, one and all ;
Our limbs grow weak, and e'en our senses fail ;
And sleep o'ertakes us, even in the day :
Just like the expiring lamp, we glimmer on ;
And fainter is the life of human being ;
Till at last—all ceases, and we sleep
The endless sleep of Death.

LXII.

And when, at last, life's fitful hour is o'er,
Death claims his victim, knocks at every door ;—
Though one may be a good man all his life,
A rogue, or villain, ever seeking strife ;
No matter what the rank, or what the station,
If beggar, or the head of all the nation,

LXIII.

Death puts the question, and gives the reply ;
Treats all alike : thus should be Liberty ;
As nature preordained, by all her works
(Yet Christians gainsay just as much as Turks
Her wise intentions), to place all mankind
On equal footing ; what a master mind !

LXIV.

Death's penalty then paid, as all must do,
What wondrous scene breaks forth unto the view,
Of virtuous feeling, and each kindred heart
Which e'er desires all men should take a part
In all that nature has, or e'er can give;—
Pity the good should die, and bad men live.

LXV.

As freed the soul from matter by thee, Death,
(Thou only kill'st the body, not the breath),
It wings its way to boundless realms of space, (¹⁰)
No longer earthly, we its spirit trace,
To other realms; thus, all alike, are freed
From earthly thralldom; this supports my creed.

LXVI.

Oh! Theologians, hold! do not declaim
Against an author, yet unknown to fame;
Religious creeds and sects, all may admire, (¹¹)
I'd rather not, I'm sure, excite your ire;
The creed I praise is not religion's plea,
It is dame nature's,—'tis Democracy.

LXVII.

'Tis sweet relief to tell of heaven above;
To dwell upon angelic glory, there;
'Tis sweet, too, to enjoy on earth that love
All men should ever feel, as well as share;
Nature has taught mankind; why spurn the lesson?
Each virtuous act brings forth its kindred blessing.

LXVIII.

Again, how kind is nature, oft a dream
 Enwraps the senses ; doth the mind entrance ;—
 The poor feel rich ; the famished feasted seem ;
 Asleep in England, dream as if in France ;
 As transient pleasures, they, the mind enthrall ;
 They're better for the poor, than none at all.

LXIX.

Life's but a dream, with very slight exception ;
 That's, as our daily acts we may control ;
 (Such acts affect our dreams) create connection,
 Influence the future, as regards the soul ;
 So we are taught, by every sophist's dicta,
 There always are two sides unto a picture.

LXX.

How doth the conscience of the guilty rest ?
 No balmy dreams e'er soothe the wicked heart
 Of him who follows vice ; his beating breast
 Betrays his acts ; none should with honor part.
 Ambition rests not, dreams not, as on down :
 "Uneasy sleeps the head beneath a crown."

LXXI.

And 'tis no wonder ; in such times as these
 The people, tired of being ever cheated,
 Their rights withheld, on less than bread and cheese
 Compelled to live ; meantime their rulers feted ;
 A crown may not then at all times protect
 The head beneath it : "Cause creates effect."

LXXII.

Nature affects all men, alike by birth ;
All breathe, alike, her air ; yes ! every one ;
All owe their sustenance to mother earth ;
The sun doth shine alike on every son
Who calls her mother ; and the gentle moon
Doth lend her aid to all. Oh ! precious boon !

LXXIII.

She kindly guides the hardy tars, who roam
The ocean o'er, in trade with other climes ;
She doth at night recall his thoughts of home,
And helps me linger out these curious rhymes.
(For curious truths they tell, although well known,
How strange, men homage pay unto a throne).

LXXIV.

And then, the stars which twinkle round the moon,
(As virtuous thoughts the heart of man should guide),
They form a glorious galaxy : how soon
May we their heaven join ; for time, nor tide,
Nor death, e'er waits for man ; then, how important,
That all should be prepared, nor fear its portent.

LXXV.

Then, as of Death I have now dwelt upon,
My feelings linger, on a long lost son,
His brother, and two little sisters dear :
And now, my eyelids moisten, with the tear
Of tribute to their manes ; so I'll give
Some lines I wrote when they had ceased to live.

LXXVI.

Say, what is life ? a transient thing
That's here to-day, and gone to-morrow ;
What hopes and joys around it cling,
To hide the deep and heart-felt sorrow
That all must feel, at times, through life,
The softer sex, or hardier man
Who mingles in the battle strife ;
To shorten, if he can, the span
Of life, that's short, however long ;—
Then, were I to be born again, I'd rather
— Die when a child, than live a childless father.

LXXVII.

Well may we say, life is a vale of tears ;
At least, I can, and I've seen forty years.
Though unto man a future hope is given,
The Scriptures promise us a place in heaven ;
But that depends how in this world we labor,
If we're good Democrats, and love our neighbor :

LXXVIII.

And not our neighbor that may live adjoining ;
Nor worthy friend, who by trade money's coining :
Nor yet the person who no aid requires ;
But he who, sick and poor, may have desires
That one or more (I speak now by comparison)
Should aid him, and become the good Samaritan.

LXXIX.

But I am wandering from my first intention
To give a tale ; how many things to mention,
Which may all lead, and be of some avail,
If not for moral, yet adorn the tale :
So I'll leave off, at present, moralizing,
For I perceive a summer storm arising.

LXXX.

That is, where we, the angels left on high,
"Equality, Fraternity, and Liberty :"
I give them names, I'm sure, I know none better :
They'll carry out my views unto the letter :
For though things have been wrong for many years,
The times are changing ;—hark ! I hear the cheers,—

LXXXI.

The cheers of freemen, and they are glad sounds,
That wake the senses ; how the heart rebounds
With sympathetic action. Oh ! how glorious
Is love of freedom : talk not of victorious
Heroes of old, or modern fields of battle,
Who've slaughtered thousands, as if they were cattle.

LXXXII.

Inhuman human beings, have been born,
And, if all minds were right, would be the scorn
Of future ages. Blessed be the day,
When it arrives, and such crimes pass away,
And not remain to human sense a blot ;
All nations fraternize, and feuds forgot.

LXXXIII.

Anomalies are really curious things ;
 By curious men are formed ; e'en nations, too,
 Have them created. Oft the bird that sings
 Has dusky plumage, not the parrot's hue,
 Which like men talks ; though some may lack the brains
 As doth the parrot. Nations take the pains

LXXXIV.

To frame and enact laws, preventing strife
 'Twixt man and man, as an appeal to arms ;
 Yet with a sister nation, war to the knife
 Is often carried ; and mid war's alarms
 Are thousands killed. All nations should restrain
 Inhuman passions. Thus then I am again

LXXXV.

Compelled to say, nations as well as men
 Have shown anomalies, created fictions ;
 That what is crime in one, is not in ten,
 Or twenty, or more thousands : such inflictions
 A nation on another one may visit ;
 The one is crime, the other glory.—Is it ? (¹²)

LXXXVI.

Is it not higher crime ? (The rule of three
 Once learned in school, can never be forgot ;
 I know no reason why it e'er should be).
 I'll not call such crime glory ; it is not :
 But it is wholesale murder : those who nurture
 Such monstrous crime, may fear indeed the future.

LXXXVII.

How strange it seems ! all nations nourish art
 As well as science ; yet such foul crime cherish.
 Who studies man doth act a noble part ;
 But for the surgeon, ah ! how oft would perish
 Those unto whom an accident or sickness
 May give a broken leg, or else a thickness,

LXXXVIII.

Or inflammation, which would soon attain
 What might result in death, mortification,
 Did not the surgeon's skill, with little pain,
 The limb remove. How many does a nation
 Dismember oft by war. Sad tribulation
 Are wars to man ;--they've identification

LXXXIX.

With tyrant's rule. I say, aristocratic
 Is every war, except when an invasion
 Is made upon a country. Democratic
 War then becomes ; because, on such occasion,
 All men unite ; each home has then connection
 With nature's law--the law of self-protection.

XC.

Oh, what a sight's a field of human gore !
 To contemplate such scenes makes the heart sore :
 Its deadened forms and mutilated limbs
 Have often been created by the whims
 Of those whose outward forms gave promised hope
 Of better action. Strange it is, the Pope,

XCI.

Yes, "Pio Nono," should against all rule
 Of past experience in the papal school,
 Be fraternizing—'tis a glorious word!
 With all his subjects: sheathing thus the sword;
 For it has e'er been the rule of despotism,
 By acts of strife, to destroy every schism

XCII.

That might occur, a subject of discussion
 To rights of man. A very strong percussion
 Of the *cannon* order, now-a-days is known:
 A sort of strong X-pounder; not e'en stone
 Can it resist;—p'raps this may be the cause
 Of relaxation of the Canon Laws.

XCIII.

I've little doubt, I think I clearly see,
 That "Louis Phillippe" hastened to his fall
 By reason of his course towards Italy:
 This may to kings a warning prove to all,
 Who wish their rule to live out its full scope:
 That they keep friendly with the present Pope.

XCIV.

I've little doubt, I said this once before,—
 'Tis bad to doubt when you are fully sure,—
 The time is coming, and that pretty soon,
 When monarchs all will be but as the coon, (¹³)
 Who all have heard experienced a defection—
 I think it took place at the last election.

XCV.

Oh ! great and glorious will appear that day,
When kings and titles all shall pass away ;
When troops 'gainst liberty no longer charge,
And it shall cease to be, as the Mirage ;
Then Liberty, throughout the world, shall shower
Its blessings. Oh ! let's hasten forth that hour.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

(¹) *I like friend Morse's telegraph much better.*

Professor Morse has the immortal honor of this important application of the magnet, for rapid communication of thought.

(²) *Or telescopic instrument, which by a girl—*

By Mrs., or Miss Mather.

(³) *In the confusion, (I before did say.)*

These are facts which occurred during my passage from London, in the ship Columbia, Jesse Delano, Commander, April, 1828.

(⁴) *Well then for peace, we have the great peace-maker,—
For private use, the many-barrelled shooter.*

Capt. Stockton's large gun, the "Peace-Maker."
Colt's, Allen's, and other revolving pistols.

(⁵) *And still again, we have another gun.*

The newly invented Sectional Gun, (lately exhibited in front of the Exchange, in Wall-St.,) by Jesse Fitzgerald.

(⁶) *Canvass their past bad actions in the dark.*

I have conversed, at times, with many persons, who appeared to have had the idea, that the body, after death, remained as in a Trance; of which we have had instances, where the party was perfectly conscious of what was passing about him, as well as hearing the conversation,

but without the power (though desirous of moving or speaking) I have experienced such a state of feeling in disagreeable dreams, perfectly conscious it was but a dream; and though desirous of waking to destroy the illusion, and endeavoring to do so, yet incapable.

(⁷) *Each in his sphere esteemed.*

“Nor doth the mastering voice
Of nature cease within to prompt aright
Their steps; nor is the care of heaven withheld
From sending to the toil external aid;
That in their stations all may persevere
To climb the ascent of being, and approach
Forever nearer to the life divine.”

Pleasures of the Imagination.—AKENSIDE.

(⁸) *And one the Order follows; 'mong the Order.*

The institution of Orders, in a democratic country, I must here take the opportunity of excepting to. Admitting the truth of democracy, and the propriety of its general application among men, why should we do aught to separate, or by cliques, or parties, sever that bond of general fellowship? If we are a democratic people, there is no necessity for such action. Let all democrats be as the Samaritan; there is then no need of such fractions from the mass. Any act, tending to sever that general feeling, is dangerous,—calculated to array interest against interest: a sort of monopoly of charity and kind feeling, confined to the particular institution, which detracts from our character as democrats. For I am not aware that they, in a general sense, extend their kindnesses beyond their own pale. And again, do not such bodies possess the power, (though probably not frequently resorted to,) of crushing an individual, for real or imaginary offences against them? And again, in a political sense, may they not, at some future period, be brought in force to bear upon any object they may consider obnoxious to their own interests?

(⁹) *A gouty alderman, or p'raps lord mayor.*

Lord Mayor's day in London, is kept up with gorgeous display, both by an excursion in splendid barges on the River Thames, as well as through the City of London in state coaches, with splendid retinue. It is presumed, the jaunt gives those engaged a keen appetite for the en-

joyment of their dinner ; a portion of which consists of " calipash, and calipee," alias " turtle soup." Vide, for full particulars, " Punch" on Lord John Russell's Speech at a late Guildhall Dinner.

(¹⁰) *It wings its way to boundless realms of space.*

" As flame ascends,
As vapors to the earth in showers return,
As the poised ocean toward the attracting moon
Swells, and the ever-listening planets charmed
By the sun's call, their onward pace incline,
So all things which have life aspire to God,
Exhaustless fount of intellectual day,
Centre of souls."

Pleasures of the Imagination.—AKENSIDE.

(¹¹) *Religious creeds and sects all may admire.*

" To be of no church is dangerous."—*Life of Milton.*

(¹²) *The one is crime, the other glory—Is it ?*

Dr. Porteous says, " One murder makes a villain ; millions a hero : Princes are privileged to kill, and numbers sanctify the crime."

(¹³) *When monarchs all will be but as the coon.*

At the defeat of Henry Clay, or Whig party, in 1844, he was styled " the gone coon "



CANTO III.

CANTO III.

I.

WE can't expect a bloodless change to see ;
That is, when monarchies turn topsey-turvey :
Dogs fight for bones ; so, if men will be free.
Kings with broad lands, that are well worth a survey,
As well as power, o'er their fellow-man,
Will hold them, at all hazards, if they can.

II.

All are not cowards ; it is not surprising
That, though a king may sometimes run away,
Others will fight when nations are uprising,
In Freedom's name ; and it, (who can gainsay,
The proudest glory of the human race, ⁽¹⁾)
Is to uphold its rights, and every danger face.

III.

Then I expect, as when a thunder storm,
Amid its torrents lit with lightning's flash,
So shall each nation in its heart's blood warm,
Become enraged and heated, meet the crash
Of rotten thrones, by Father Time worn out,
And dotard age. They've worn too long, no doubt.

IV.

As, like my simile, the air's commotion
 Clears up the sky, so the world by such trouble—
 Of course I speak of things beyond the ocean,
 Not of this world; because the earth is double;
 That is, there are two worlds: a curious view,
 Or point of difference, lies between the two.

V.

The broad Atlantic, don't I hear you say?
 Yes! (*sotto voce*,) but that's not my point:—
 'Tis in the happiness of the mass; and pray,
 Is't not both great and manifest,—a joint
 Of beef, or meat of any other kind,
 Upon the table of our poor you'll find.

VI.

The poor!—they are not poor; though that's the term
 They give in Europe to the working man,
 Who toils and sweats;—of life he is the germ,
 As is the seed unto the tree. Who can
 But well admire this country, where possessing,
 As do all men, their share of every blessing.

VII.

'Tis better for twelve men to have a dinner,
 Than six should have what's called a good blow-out: (²)
 Such custom makes some fat, but others thinner:—
 'Tis why the rich are subject to the gout.
 I'd like to level down all aristocracy,
 And have all live alike—that's my democracy.

VIII.

How hard to think, that while the rich enjoy
 The luxuries of wealth, perhaps at their door,
 As they with meat and wine their time employ,
 Some wretch, like Lazarus, full of sores and poor,
 Regales his vacant paunch with savory smell
 Of season'd viands :—a word rhymes with well.

IX.

Dives has it construed :—I hardly think
 Too warm a welcome to such men can be
 A wrong reception ;—the rich eat and drink,
 While others starve, as they may daily see.
 Again, such men go to, and pray in church, ⁽³⁾
 Thinking to leave their vices in the lurch.

X.

Had Dives practised kindness from his youth,
 Of nought had he, thereafter, to repent.
 There's something solemn in a certain truth ;
 When one is told, you can't well it resent,
 But ponder on the fact—that's if you're wise ;
 If not, the more's the pity. In the skies

XI.

Our angels soar—Oh ! beauteous angels three,
 Resplendent forms ; what language they convey
 Of hope to man ! Their names, I trust, will be
 'Mong Europe's nations mentioned every day,—
 That " Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,"
 Will be their watchwords to eternity !!!

XII.

Oh, yes ! I trust in this, and hope for more ;
 I hope to see those glorious truths made known
 Unto each nation suffering to the core,
 Which shook old George the Third upon his throne ;—
 Yes ! in his reign—the crazed old monarch !—he
 Lost his best colonies by taxing tea.

XIII.

Byron has written, “ At a siege one time,
 Ladies of age, not tender, long past youth,
 Did sigh, their by-gone pleasures to re-chime ;”
 And I’ve no doubt he meant to write the truth :
 Still, my opinion of the case would be,
 That ladies getting old best love their tea.

XIV.

T stands for Tea, Truth, Taste, and Teetotum,
 The world goes round, and round about it goes ;
 R stands for Rex, Rogue, Rascal, well as Rum ;
 F stands for Feathers, Fine, and C for Clothes :
 All letters stand for words, as M for Man,
 Who’ll lord it over others if he can.

XV.

And the Lord save all nations, time to come,
 From emperors, kings, and lords, aye, e’en a bishop ;
 The former kill by sound of fife and drum,
 The latter from the people luxuries fish up ;
 Fishers of men once called, though now they revel
 As if their souls were going to the devil.

XVI.

Oh, House of Peers ! peerless for acts of wrong ; (⁴)
 Oh, Bench of Bishops ! void of Christian feeling ; (⁵)
 Language may gloss your crimes, (as yet unhung,) —
 Or term your acts by other name than stealing,—
 The one the rights of men, their country's too ;
 The other, not a tithe behind the lordly crew.

XVII.

Oh, system fraught with fraud ! Oh, strange perversion,
 Of all that's right, or proper to behold :
 A people crushed by self ! I've an aversion
 To acts by which a nation, young or old,
 Might find excuse for pandering to the power
 That doth extend its sufferings, hour by hour.

XVIII.

Mayhap a portion of its population (⁶)
 May not feel want, its hideous pinching form,
 The wasted strength, gaunt visage, (gratulation
 Greets not the hollow eye.)—The life-blood warm
 May feed awhile the frame ; yet, if not well supplied,
 Nature exhausts herself : thus many men have died.

XIX.

Women and children, age and tender youth,
 Have lived, and suffered want—then died by scores.
 (I write from reference, and will speak the truth :)
 'Tis time the system of such festering sores
 Was cleansed and cured, and if no other means
 Can be created, banish kings and queens,

XX.

And all their tendencies, of mushroom rank—
Arrayed with villany, to cheat a people :
Act as Americans ; drink as they have drank,
Of Freedom's cup ; it ne'er a nation makes ill ;—
All feed as men should feed ; if not high-bred,
Thank God ! they all enjoy both meat and bread.

XXI.

But to our tale :—The summer's storm begins,
A mere refresher to this " vale of tears ;"
Our angels care not, (being free from sins ;)
It like all summer's storms, soon disappears,
And ended as most summer storms, we know,
By giving to the view a fine rainbow.

XXII.

Again, is nature to her virtues true :
(How nice and cooling are these summer showers !)
Doth melt the clouds, to refresh me and you,
And give the earth regenerating powers ;
And unto all the earth, and all mankind,
She gives these blessings.—Oh, how wondrous kind.

XXIII.

And then the rainbow—glorious, bright effulgence !
What brilliant tints of color fill the eye !
To bless the creature man, what rare indulgence
Has nature granted : Oh ! I fain could cry,
Woe to the monster men who tread the earth,
And rob man of his birthright from his birth.

XXIV.

Oh, bright array ! Oh, bow of promise bright !
 How memory lingers on thy origin !
 What splendid colors gratify the sight.
 Oh, man ! why art thou ever prone to sin ?
 Nature her showers sends t' enrich the ground,
 And tells us after, we shall ne'er be drowned.

XXV.

Thus then, this bow, so pleasing to the eyes,
 Increased in beauty ; and our angels three,
 Who'd converse held about a crown—fit prize
 To grace his brow, who did our land set free ;
 Who for man's birthright fought ; yes, He who furled
 The flag of monarchy, in this New World.

XXVI.

Well may I—may we—well may all then say,
 Our world ;—that is, I mean this our New World.
 The Old with vice has long been in decay,
 Too oft to misery its myriads hurled.
 Be ours the high, the blest, the glorious task,
 To teach them how to rule without the royal mask.

XXVII.

(But for this crown of bright ethereal color :)
 Sweet Liberty, persuading her compeers,
 That as the rainbow doth the rain-drops follow,
 So Charity o'er sorrow sheds its tears ;
 Says, let each of us her fav'rite color blend,
 To adorn the brow of man's best, firmest friend.

XXVIII.

So then, they'll weave this crown with every care ;
To make a crown has taken many a year,
In wordly parlance ; though, by recent scenes,
Two days destroy one,—one p'raps may a queen's ;
I really cannot see the reason why
They last so long, where people starve and die.

XXIX.

Angels ne'er differ,—so they all agreed.
So would mankind, if all possessed the seed
Of wisdom ; but as long as they're in chains,
So long will ignorance pervade their brains.
They'll soon be freed, I trust and hope, Oh, heaven !
Before this poem to the press is given.

XXX.

I mean my countrymen on Britain's Isle,
And habitants of Erin's sister soil ;
They are my brethren, that is, by birth,
Though I own fellowship with all on earth :
All men are brethren by a high decree ;
All men alike, should all alike be free.

XXXI.

Yet do I claim a higher rank than e'er
Ennobled king, or noble, or the peer
Of Europe's lands. Oh ! I can proudly say,
I am a citizen of North America.
Thus am I rich, for Freedom's gifts are mine ;
They all the jewels of the earth outshine.

XXXII.

The diamond, with its ray of purest white,
Its brilliancy, its lustre, value too,
Its strong resistant powers show a might
No other gem possesses. Then how true
May we compare its attribute to be,
As the firm love of man for Liberty.

XXXIII.

The ruby bright, indicative of truth ;
The sapphire blue, epitome of love ;
The emerald, (I'll appeal unto the youth
Of Erin's Isle,) how its sweet hue doth move
The passions. Oh ! how I could weep awhile
On the long suffering of poor Erin's Isle.

XXXIV.

Again, the green, or verd, the "verd antique,"
With other items, doth to memory bring.
'Tis sweet to dwell, at times, on things unique ;
As the green woods and vales, in early spring,
Where we were wont, in youthful days of mirth,
To cull the primrose, emblem of modest worth.

XXXV.

Place all the rarest jewels that are known,
With costly workmanship of finest gold ;
Array them in their beauty, as a crown,
And multiply their value, hundred fold ;
Then place it, side by side, a choice to be
With the "red cap :"—I'd choose thine, "Liberty."

XXXVI.

I recollect, (Oh, youth's a happy age !
There's so much innocence—so little sin,
That I should just like to turn back the page
Of life's past history, and be young again ;)
Yes, I remember that I knew not care ;
I knew not misery, nor its sorrowing tear.

XXXVII.

In tender youth I had a little bird,
But he was caged, though fed with every care ;
The cage was gilt with gold, but when you heard
His plaintive notes, they grated on the ear.
It chanced, one morning, on a summer's day,
The door sprung open, and he flew away.

XXXVIII.

He flew not far at first, his wings were weak,
So rested on a neighboring peach-tree's bough ;
And though when caged his whole appearance meek,
It was surprising, and you'd wonder how
So great a change became ; how he did sing
Loudly, in liberty, and then took wing.

XXXIX.

I recollect, in youth, I chanced one day
To saunter by a sweetly murmuring stream :
I recollect I saw the gold fish play
In the sun's rays ; how happy they did seem.
I'd seen them kept in vases ; but to me
They swam more lively in their liberty.

XL.

I too can recollect, one summer's morn,—
The sun shone bright—all nature seemed to smile,
'Twas in the country; we were onward borne
By horse, in waggon; and we did beguile
The time with talk, "That earth, and air, and sea,
Were made for all; that all men should be free."

XLI.

I too can ne'er forget the dewy drop
My eyes let fall, once at a prison gate; (7)
Where, passing on an errand, chanced to stop,
'Cause that gate opened; so I fain would wait,
For there came forth a man, with squalid look,
And sympathy's a thing my heart can brook.

XLII.

He looked around; his face was ashy pale,
His eyes were sunk, his lips compressed; he stooped
His manly frame. Methought I saw him quail;
'Twas but a moment,—he no longer drooped,
But raised his head; I saw his bosom swell,—
Draw a long breath,—Oh! it a tale did tell.

XLIII.

A tale, how sweet an one to dwell upon!
'Twas Freedom's blessing unto man; so dear,
There's nought in life. I'm not the only one
Has sung thy praises, Oh! thou heart's best cheer.
He boldly sped him forth; yes, that did he,
And loudly cried, "Oh! Death or Liberty!"

XLIV.

I recollect, too, thirty years ago,
I went to see a palace, built of stone ; (⁸)
'Twas called the " Carlton,"—quite a pretty show,
I recollect its beauties and its throne ;
I sat thereon, a child, and felt while there
About the same as in my own small chair.

XLV.

Kind friends were round about ; they bent no knee ;
Nor yet in speech, obsequiously made,
Did they address the throne ; nor unto me,
Its occupant, did homage ; nor afraid
Were they to order me, who filled a throne,
To leave its seat, as well as it, alone.

XLVI.

Now this brought thought, and followed by reflection.
I'd always heard the throne possessed a power ;
Yes, that the throne men bowed to. Its connection
With glory, in my mind, fled from that hour ;
For I concluded, in about a minute,
The throne was quite as well with no one in it:

XLVII.

And I remember once, (the month was May,)
I walked along that busy scene in life, (⁹)
The river side, where ships in dock did lay,
Discharging bales, with various products rife :
One noble vessel just arrived, her shrouds
Were being clewed ;—the passengers, in crowds,

XLVIII.

Her deck did cover ; children, men and women,
In joyous tones, displaying much emotion :
They held converse, though poorly clad ; inhuman
Had been that tyrant power, across the ocean,
Which thrust them forth, or them compelled to seek
In other lands a home. 'Twas not a shriek

XLIX.

I heard from up aloft, aye, in the rigging ;
A jolly Yankee tar began to sing,
Or boldly warble—not 'bout Polly Higgin,
Or other Poll, or Bess ; and yet a king
A moral might have learned, of value too,
Did he, its moral heed, and let his rule be true.

L.

I heard him sing—delightful song to hear,—
By grateful impulse moved his thoughts and lips ;
For actions, such as these, the heart doth cheer ;
'Tis from such draughts the slave its precepts sips ;
For what is life, without that promised hope,
Which whispers to the slave, "Thy prison doors shall ope."

LI.

Then thus he sang, (his voice was loud and clear ;
No artist sung for triumph as did he ;
It charmed the senses, rested on the ear,
In praise of life's best charm—"sweet Liberty ;"
Land of the brave, "Columbia ;" though but young,
As ranks a nation's age.) 'Twas thus he sung :—

OUR DESTINY, OR MAN'S BIRTH-RIGHT IS LIBERTY.

LII.

When first I drew the breath of life,
In this loved land of ours,
'Twas liberty, so sweet I breathed,
Free as the mountain flowers.
And as I grew to manhood's prime,
As happy as I e'er could be,
My love, it strengthened all the time,
For this our land of Liberty.

LIII.

They talk of wealth, in other climes,
Of power, rule, and monarchy,
But let me live, though poor betimes ;
In this our land of Liberty.
For what is life without its charm ?
'Tis but a state of slavery ;
It is to all through life a balm,—
Oh ! man's birthright is Liberty.

LIV.

Now in this land, the parent dear,
Though numerous be his progeny ;
The future he need never fear,
To leave them a rich legacy.
For though not wealth, nor riches be,
The portion of his worldly lot,
He leaves the gem of Liberty :—
'Tis priceless, ne'er to be forgot.

LV.

And in this great and happy land,
If they're desirous to be free,
Men of all nations, hand in hand,
Can each partake of Liberty.
And shall not such a compact stand,
For ages, to eternity?
When He above doth take command;
Setting all earthly spirits free?

LVI.

Then shall not we this treasure give,—
The blessing of sweet Liberty!
To nations all, and let it live
In future time, to all men free?
For what are men throughout the world,
But brethren by a high decree:
Then Freedom's flag shall ne'er be furled,
If we fulfil our destiny. (10)

LVII.

Then let our homage ever tend,
To him, who fought for Liberty,
"George Washington," his country's friend,
With whom, truth was not mystery.
Go, search the books of ancient lore,
Of past or present history;
A greater mind, you ne'er can find;
So let us bless his memory.

LVIII.

I too remember well, that song so dear ;
For who that's heard it ever can forget ?
It pleads that pity to sad sorrow's tear,
Is its true mother ; yes, my eyes were wet,
When it was sung, none could their feelings smother :
Oh ! yes ! sad tear, pity's indeed thy mother.

LIX.

Then e'er may pity watch o'er each sad tear ;
May all men pity those who chance to fall, (¹¹)
May all men e'er unite for sorow here,
And o'er misfortune throw protection's pall.
Who would not pity, e'en the drunken creature,
Though sad indulgence may have dimmed each feature.

LX.

Here is a view of what I chanced to see,
At dusk of eve, just opposite my door :—
The air was cold ; a drunken man was he ;
I had him housed ; he ragged was.—Oh ! poor,
But fallen man ! Still was he yet a man ;
And so I moralized ; thus on I ran.

LXI.

See yon ill-clad, bemired, besotten being,
Whose intellect seems dim ;—who pities him ?
And yet, perchance, he once was truly,
Natures' ornament.
Full of fine feeling, godlike in his form,
Learned in skill, and rich in heavenly lore.

How are the mighty fallen !
 Death brought deep grief ; misfortune hurried o'er
 His worldly labors ; 'till beneath the storm
 Of saddened sorrows, he at last did fall,
 And now he waits for death.

LXII.

And such a death, beneath the star-lit skies,
 The heavens above, that are 'bove all mankind :
 No hand to cherish, none to close his eyes,
 No ear to list, no tongue to calm his mind ;
 No priest his prayers to dole, nor other things :—
 Yet was his soul as precious as a king's.

LXIII.

And kings have souls as well as other people ;
 Though, as to hearts, I'll pass the subject by ;—
 But I am well assured their road's a steep hill
 That leads to heaven, if they chance to try
 To reach St. Peter, who the gate unlocks.
 I like to give to regal rule hard knocks,

LXIV.

Though they'll be knocked up soon without my help.
 The people want their rights ; they need no kings ;
 They want cheap government ; no royal whelp (¹²)
 At thirty thousand cost (they're costly things) ;
 Like Louis Phillippe, they'll be startled sore,
 To hear the people knocking at the door.

LXV.

For well we know the King of all the French,
 When taking breakfast, 'bout the hour of nine,
 Quick took French leave; and how men from the bench
 Of many a workshop helped to drink his wine:
 And how the women ('tis hard to please the sex)
 Found much fault with it. (¹³) 'Twas enough to vex

LXVI.

The flighty king. The joke was like the wine,
 Too good to lose;—extremes will sometimes meet;
 As that the pauvre-homme should ever dine
 At royal table, on the best of meat,
 With champagne watered. Sad, indeed, is fate!
 Oh! Louis Phillippe! why were you “too late?”

LXVII.

'Tis sweet for the mind, at times, to dwell upon
 Such virtuous actions, as exalt mankind.
 Some praise St. Jerome; I will praise the son
 Of Jerome's father. Oh! how far behind
 His gallant conduct was e'en Bonaparte;
 My life! Jerome has a much larger heart. (¹⁴)

LXVIII.

Mind is to man the bliss of life on earth;
 Expansive as the modern agent, steam,
 Which to the telegraph of Morse gave birth;
 Which earth o'erleaps, as well as mountain stream;—
 Mind is the heaven on earth, if tutored well;—
 The wicked mind is to itself a hell.

LXIX.

Creeds differ not in promising to sin,

A kind forgiveness, by a true repentance :

'Tis right to flee from crime, anew begin,

By moral action, Life,—and shun its sentence.

How many follow vice until, in time,

Their passions, worn out, cease committing crime.

LXX.

As I've a thought, 'tis well to give it breath,

(As to this subject it may give new version) ;

"The ruling passion's ever strong in death ;"

At least, I've heard so, though a strange assertion :—

"If true, 'tis pity ;—pity 'tis, 'tis true ;"

As sinners can't repent, although they say they do.

LXXI.

Yet all religions, every kind of creed,

(I'll not recount them, being pressed for time),

Though much may differ, ne'er 'mong men should breed

Unkind dissension ; but the more sublime

True Christian feeling ; "Unto your neighbor do

As you would have your neighbor deal with you."

LXXII.

The human heart may be at times as like

The venom, which the poisonous snake conceals

In a small compass, till by deadly strike

He gives a wound that, may be, never heals :

Just so the heart of man, however small,

May poison life : as doth the viper crawl,

LXXIII.

Oft winds and twines, so gains upon the heart
 Of many a man. His friend, who knows no guile,
 Nor e'er suspects such man of treacherous part,
 Believes his frown is frown, and smile is smile ;
 Till chance reveals a chance as snake to strike,
 Strikes as a snake ;—say, is my picture like ?

LXXIV.

How alien to my mind, subjects like this :
 Still, as a person who has undertaken
 To write a book, I must not even miss,
 But dwell upon what, as an ague shaking
 Is to the sick,—a sort of visitation
 For sins committed :—'Tis my situation

LXXV.

So to be placed ; but though an invalid would
 E'en make a face at such a dose of physic,
 Yet it may be for yours, if not for my good.
 They have a curious way of spelling phthisic ;
 A curious word it is :—the human heart
 Is much more curious, vice its poison dart.

LXXVI.

Oh ! what is man ! what is he ? what might he be ?
 What will be ? shall be ? if he'll follow truth.
 "Tria in juncta uno," called the Trinity,
 Is simple truth ;—then teach it to the youth
 Henceforth forever. If they'll to it be given,
 No man can e'er do more ; his portion's heaven.

Truth! holy, beauteous, pure, and sublime Truth!
I'll dwell awhile on thee, and give thy attributes:—

LXXVII.

Truth is as space,—can never be defined ;
As ambient air that e'er pervades the heavens ;
'Tis as the depthless ocean, without fathom ;
As the quick lightning's flash, is bright ;
'Tis as the breath all creatures ever breathe ;
'Tis as the creed all men should ever follow ;
'Tis as the might of mind which knows no limit ;
'Tis pure religion, truth's eternity ;
And Truth is Liberty,
And man, its most dire foe.

LXXVIII.

Oh! if I had but an almighty power,
I'd hurl my curses deep upon those men,
Who've seared the world with crafty despotism ;
Who've shed the blood, blasted the hopes,
And blighted the hearts of many tens of thousands ;
Marching, as human vampires, o'er the hearths
Their acts have desecrated.

LXXIX.

I'd send them, for awhile, 'mong imps to revel,
And ponder o'er their past unrighteous acts ;

'To desert isle in solitude to dwell,
Until their hearts became a void, for want of kind,
And yearned for fellow-man :—

I'd set them floating on a naked raft,
 Across the pathless sea,
 And fed, as are the poor of Britain's Isles,
 With food unfit for brutes :—

I'd soar them through the sky, in a machine,
 Upheld by confined air, void of all substance
 As their wicked hearts :—

I'd send them diving 'neath the ocean wave,
 And keep them there until their evil passions changed,
 And were forever banished from their hearts :—

I'd place them on "Mont Blanc," or cooler place,
 To feel the biting chill of winter's blasts,—
 Cold as their sympathies towards the poor.

LXXX.

Not that I'd tread upon a simple worm ;
 Not that I'd hurt a proper, virtuous feeling ;
 (We well know politicians oft will squirm,
 It is their trade, as to the thief is stealing ;)
 Still, I to tyrants would give such a lesson,
 Forever crush them, and confer a blessing.

LXXXI.

'Tis against truth, as saying black is white,
 That nations should be governed by the few
 Who represent a portion. Dark as night
 Are such transactions of the titled crew ;
 Then 'tis the people's fault ; for why submit
 As they have done for years ? The horse a bit

LXXXII.

May need, but why should ever men be curbed ?
 That they want spurring on, I'll not deny ;
 'Tis time their passions had become disturbed
 About their rights ; why don't they raise the cry,
 " On ! on ! for death or life, with Liberty !
 " On ! on ! for death ! we live but to be free !"

LXXXIII.

Oh ! men of England ! men of my native land !
 Rise in your might, and rising, break your bonds,
 As Samson did of old, the withes that bound him.
 Or let me touch your manhood, as a parent :
 Rise, as the infant Hercules,
 Make known your strength ;—rise,
 Crush the vipers, whose envenomed folds (¹⁵)
 Have but too long embraced you.

LXXXIV.

I've been in various climes, but I could ne'er
 Find aught like Liberty, to man or beast.
 I've more enjoyment in the frugal fare
 Of rural cottage, than the richer feast
 Of upstart wealth, or titled aristocracy :
 Real happiness exists but in Democracy.

LXXXV.

For there's no barrier to the interchange
 Of thought, or friendship, or of sentiment ;
 No pride of might, that's wrong, can ever range
 Where all are equal, all may be content ;—
 Where genius takes the rank it ever should,
 None are exalted but the just and good.

LXXXVI.

I've been in gardens stocked with choicest flowers,
That were arranged with every taste and care ;
Seen them in dales—on mountains,—and the showers
Refresh them all, alike all freely share ;
But I confess, more beauty I can see
In the wild-flowers ;—they smell of Liberty.

LXXXVII.

Some minds are like exotics, richly stored ;
Others, as humble plants, yet with sweet savor :
Thus nature forms a bouquet, all accord,
To man's advantage ; there are some will favor
The term which gardeners apply to weeds—
“ That evil things bring forth but evil deeds.”

LXXXVIII.

Some men show character, as doth the oak ;
Others, more pliant, bend as do the rushes ;
Some cast their shadow, like a friendly cloak,
O'er suffering mortal, as fine feeling gushes
From kindly breast, its pity e'er bestows
On want and misery. Such men, as the rose,

LXXXIX.

Shed odor sweet ; for well we know that charity
Doth “ cover oft a multitude of sins ;”
The rose bears thorns, we heed not (from its rarity,
Of rich perfume,) their points, though sharp as pins ;
Then should all men be taught by nature's rule,
“ Be kind in action, shun repentance' stool.”

XC.

The purest bliss that man can know on earth, (¹⁶)
 Is when he carries out the Christian's dues ;
 Conferring aid on poor but modest worth ;
 Oh ! who in aid of such, should e'er refuse
 His means to lessen ; so that want and sorrow
 Might from one bosom, flee before the morrow.

XCI.

How the breast swells, as lit with chastest glow
 The heart warms up ; 'tis then that man portrays
 His Maker's image ; then should man e'er sow
 In youthful minds the seed which truth conveys,
 Beaming with charity :—we then excel ;
 And conscience whispers man, "Thou hast done well."

XCII.

There is a balm waits on the virtuous heart,
 As balm of Gilead was to wounds of old ;
 As balm of Gilead, man should act his part ;
 Such balm, more precious than the purest gold,
 The richest gems of famed Golconda's mine,
 A pure and virtuous heart cannot outshine.

XCIII.

Some men show pride, the vanity of wealth ;
 (The gaudy peacock spreads his showy tail ;)
 Some men show pride of birth, though both by stealth
 Have been arrived at ; some get rich who fail,
 Pay not their honest debts, yet wear a crest :—
 The cuckoo makes its home, another's nest.

XCIV.

Show me the man who's bred in lowly cot,
Or narrow city home,—why should I care,
Though nursed in rags, or fed from dirty pot,
If he, of mind, of genius, bears his share ;
If he is honest, kind, and enterprising,
I'd do him honor ;—nor is it surprising,

XCV.

The man who makes himself, by virtuous action, (¹⁷)
Is worth a dozen born to wealth or station ;
Or many a score of those, who by exaction
Have squeezed the poor, got rich ; their own relation
Would fare no better. Some men are, as a net
Unto a fisherman,—all's fish that in it get.

XCVI.

Oh ! there are men professing Christianity,
By wealth surrounded, claiming rank, but who
Refuse (much to their shame and nationality)
The right to worship, as we know Buccleugh (¹⁸)
Has lately done to those on his domain ;—
'Twas once the people's,—may be so again,

XCVII.

And that too shortly :—nations often stride,
As 'twere, o'er ages. 'Tis both right and proper,
All errors to correct :—why should dukes ride
Upon the people's necks, or like the hopper,
Receive the corn the laboring people grow,
Though small's the share they get, as well we know ?

XCVIII.

If not for vice, virtue would lose the hue
 She gains by contrast. Pain, as well as pleasure,
 Each teaches man, that if to virtue true,
 He'll ne'er repent such action at his leisure.
 A curious fact presents itself to me :
 All men are virtuous in a high degree ;

XCIX.

That is, they are born so. Nature never meant,
 Nor yet the mother who brings forth the child,
 That it should rob or murder. Pay his rent
 Will every honest man. Nature is mild ;
 'Tis in the training of the infant youth,
 He's taught to practise vice, or follow truth.

C.

Though I admit that chance, or circumstances,
 Have a great influence ; they have had with mine,
 And yours, as well as others. No romances
 That have been written, curious facts combine,
 Competing with reality. Whose was that diction—
 "That truth much stranger is than e'er was fiction ?"

CI.

'Tis rare to find e'en gold without alloy ;
 'Tis rarer still to find a happy man ;
 As men with wealth, or even pleasure cloy.
 Wealth brings not happiness ;—I'm sure I can
 With truth assert, it betters not the being ;
 This I've had opportunities enough of seeing.

CII.

Yet could I point my finger upon some,
And with my pen am proud that I can write so ;
For it would not be right, if I were dumb ;
'Tis as to shipwrecked seamen cry of, Sail ho !
That though life's ocean is not thickly sown
With such bright flowers, still that some have grown.

CIII.

Yes, as I say, Oh ! I could proudly show
Men, whom good fortune has not, could not spoil ; ('9)
Men who have spent their wealth, as well I know,
To ease life's sad misfortune ; as sweet oil
Unto the engine causes it to glide
With greater freedom. Thus, life's ocean tide,

CIV.

When rough, can be assuaged, and sorrow find,
By kind assistance in its hour of need,
That some, as Christians, will not be behind
Their proper duty, as becomes their creed ;
And that is nature's too : deny who can,
The duty we all owe our fellow-man.

CV.

Miseries of poverty ! Beat not my heart
Too quick, while I this subject dwell upon.
Keep dry mine eyes ; close up mine ears ; my part
Must be to nerve my pulse, and slowly on,
Depict, portray, the sufferings of the poor ;
Their woes, and wants, and sad misfortunes sore.

CVI.

How much they suffer for the want of bread ;
 How much they suffer with the winter's cold ;
 How many know not where to lay their head ;
 How many die for want, aye, young and old.
 The good, the kind, (how wicked and how cruel,)
 Have been by Britain starved to death on gruel.

CVII.

Let's picture to ourselves the lowly hut,
 Or wretched hovel, that in many a shire
 The poor crouch 'neath ;—I'd say reside in, but (²⁹)
 The term would not apply with truth, I fear ;
 'Tis only those who've comforts, need not pence,
 Can truly call their dwelling, residence.

CVIII.

Then let our picture pass before our eyes,
 As we would view the painted panorama :
 We too may fancy that we hear the cries
 Of pain and grief,—perhaps the cry of Mamma,
 In feeble tones, that tell of suffering dread,
 Mamma ! dear Ma ! I'm dying !—hungry !—bread !

CIX.

The mother, she too suffers ;—'tis a sad sight ;
 Within the hut we look, the broken floor
 Is dampen earth. ('Tis painful thus to write.)
 Why should there be such scenes, among the poor ?
 The rain without doth drip through many a chink
 And crevice, and the damp floor seems to drink,

CX.

Leaving a dirty puddle here and there.

See, in yon corner lies a haggard form—
The widow's child ;—she on her knees in prayer,
Doth o'er it bend ; her bitter tears flow warm
Upon the dying child, which looks a spectre, (²¹)
To which the mother seems but a reflector.

CXI.

'Tis hard to tell of, very hard to think,
How many scenes of misery, such as this,
The world wots not of. How, upon the brink
Of dread despair, extreme remove from bliss,
Are those whose hearts, whose pulse, and every feeling,
Are as a monarch's, yet refrain from stealing.

CXII.

How many poor, because they could not die,
How many poor, because they would not linger,
Have sought for death—(too much of reason why ;)
Or robbed, or stolen, when their little finger
Gave but response unto the blush of shame,
That their cheeks mantled ; crime is not the name.

CXIII.

Compulsive want, gaunt misery, dread despair,
Forces commission oft, of what's called crime.
'Tis nature's duty ; men must feed somewhere,
As well as somehow ; they can fast a time,
But nature maddened, oft against her will,
Seeks food to nourish life,—who thinks it ill ?

CXIV.

Not I, for one, though I abhor foul crime ;—
 Not I, for one, as a man having feeling ;—
 Not I, for one, (as truth is e'er sublime,)
 Can ever think it appertains to stealing.
 God gave all life, the earth whereon to dwell,
 That all should live by food, not starve.—Is't well,

CXV.

Is't just or proper, that the laboring classes
 Of any nation should be crushed by wealth—
 By venal law, that oft in crime surpasses
 The crimes all law should punish, not by stealth—
 Reverse the justice, that 'twixt man and man
 Should be the bond of life ? Now, pray who can

CXVI.

Deny this fact, that 'tis the working man
 Rears, builds, upholds with honor, every nation ?
 Though wealth may glitter, I'd put under ban
 All rank and title, false in application ;
 They're quite unnatural, 'cept when a whole people
 Descry and honor virtue, which as a steeple

CXVII.

Unto the mariner, or religious person
 A beacon, prized by every weary mind.
 Virtue is truth. Oh, I could say a curse on
 All titled rank ! The world in time will find,
 That the kind term of friend, or plainer Mister,
 Are terms to kill all power—as a blister

CXVIII.

Draws out the humor ;—absence of all rank
 Would kill all pride, for one man's just as good
 As any other. 'Tis God all men should thank
 For earthly blessings. All men ever should
 Remember that mankind is as a chain,
 A bad man breaks a link, the good its strength retain.

CXIX.

Then, if the poor, when starved for want of food,
 For selves and children, are compelled to crime,
 Is't not committed by the power that should
 Protect, not crush, its people ? In the slime
 The glittering reptile crawls,—all regal glitter
 Is unto life, as is its poison, bitter.

CXX.

Here, too, 's another picture of starvation, (²²)
 True unto nature, though strange and unnatural ;
 Tells, too, the horrors that befel a nation ;
 To read or hear such doth affect our guttural.
 I'd like to have all those who'd subjugate (²³)
 All Mexico, read this, and ruminate.

CXXI.

Oh ! how important that all youth should learn
 Nature's true creed, and from the same pure fount
 Be taught alike, that all alike should earn
 A kindred claim, on nature's friendship count.
 Assuming then this fact, 'tis not erratic,
 There is no system like the Democratic. (²⁴)

NOTES TO CANTO III.

(¹) *The proudest glory of the human race.*

But they, who fight for freedom, undertake
The noblest cause mankind can have at stake :
Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
A blessing—freedom is the pledge of all.
O Liberty ! the pris'ner's pleasing dream,
The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme ;
Genius is thine, and thou art Fancy's nurse ;
Lost without thee, th' ennobling pow'rs of verse ;
Heroic song from thy free touch acquires
Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires :
Place me where Winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if Liberty be there ;
And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,
In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

Cowper's Table Talk.

(²) *Than six should have what's called a good blow-out.*

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
Yet e'en the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,

Better than ony tenant man
 His Honor has in a' the lan':
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
 I own it's past my comprehension.

Robert Burns—Twa Dogs.

(³) *Again, such men go to, and pray in church.*

The hypocrite shows the excellency of virtue, by the necessity he thinks himself under of seeming to be virtuous.—*Rambler*, vol. 1.

(⁴) *Oh! House of Peers! peerless for acts of wrong.*

It is perhaps a fact familiar to my readers, that among the noble lords (as they are termed) of England, there have been some of the greatest scoundrels and swindlers the world ever produced. I can give my individual knowledge of one, (who, in 1825, was notorious about London,) "Lord Teynham." He frequently changed his lodgings, and from his bearing a title, was trusted by the various tradespeople in the neighborhood,—hardly ever paying them, except when some more sturdy creditor, as a butcher I knew, who, after calling many times in vain, and being put off with such falsehoods as that he, "Lord T., was going to the bank for his dividends," or some other shuffling falsehood, one day brought with him his night-cap, put it on his head in the hall, and declared he would not leave till paid. He was so. His lordship went out of town the next day, and of course did not pay the debt I went to collect so many times at his different lodgings. He was an elderly man, of specious manners, and a noble lord, "par excellence." But, alas! a most accomplished swindler.

(⁵) *Oh, Bench of Bishops! void of Christian feeling.*

Walpole gave the following advice to a recently pensioned lord, who, being deaf, had voted against the minister by pairing off to the wrong side of the House. Walpole calling him to account, he pleaded the mistake arose from his deafness. "Keep your eye on the Bishops," says Walpole, "and which ever way they vote, do you; and then you are sure to be right."

"The King," (says Bishop Howley on the late trial of Queen Caroline,) "not only cannot commit crime, he cannot even commit folly."

The King, at the same time, was openly living in adultery with the Marchioness of Conyngham.—*Kings, the Devil's Viceroys. Geo. Mer-ryweather, pp. 173 and 175.*

(⁶) *Mayhap a portion of its population.*

Three and twenty hundred thousand unfortunate Irish, in a state of destitution and nakedness, resident or rather rambling in one section of the British Islands; the deplorable state of these unhappy mortals bearing incontestable evidence of the baneful and shocking misrule of the reigning family.—*Idem.*

(⁷) *My eyes let fall once at a prison gate.*

On passing Whitecross-street Prison, London, in the year 1824, wherein men were immured thirty-nine days for thirty-nine shillings sterling, or for a less sum, in the ratio of a shilling per day.

(⁸) *I went to see a palace, built of stone.*

I was about ten years of age when my father, having a ticket to view the interior of Carlton Palace, in Pall Mall, London, took me with him. It was a short time after the expensive entertainment given in honor of the Regency, which cost £50,000 sterling. The above remarks are facts, and I have not forgotten the impression created on my being ordered "to come out of the chair, or throne," which was an arm-chair of gothic pattern, richly gilt, and elevated above the floor. I have since become more firmly convinced that the people require neither the throne nor its occupant. And I can hardly, at times, avoid giving vent to my feelings of disgust, that a nation of brave as well as of intelligent people, can pander to their own sufferings by permitting such an unhallowed rule to exist, even for a single day.

(⁹) *I walked along that busy scene in life.*

South-street, New York.

(¹⁰) *If we fulfil our Destiny.*

Our destiny is, if true to the principles of Democracy, the regeneration of man by-self-government, in all civilized countries.—*Author on our Destiny.*

(¹¹) *May all men pity those who chance to fall.*

Pity, to many of the unhappy, is a source of comfort in hopeless distresses ; as it contributes to recommend them to themselves, by proving that they have not lost the regard of others ; and heaven seems to indicate the duty, even of barren compassion, by inclining us to weep for evils which we cannot remedy.—*Rambler*, vol. 2, 15.

(¹²) *They want cheap government, no royal whelp.*

The royal family of England are “Guelphs.” We think we can, with far better reason, say that the name of “Guelph” is derived from modern English, to wit, the word whelp.—*Kings, the Devil's Viceroys*.

Each addition to the royal family costs the people of England, thirty thousand pounds !!!

(¹³) *Found much of fault with it.*

On the flight of Louis Phillippe, his palace was taken possession of by the mob, (or people, I would rather say.) Many of the women drank his wines and complained of their quality, as being unfit to drink.—*Paris press of the day*.

(¹⁴) *My life ! Jerome has a much larger heart.*

In allusion to the noble-minded tar, who saved a number of the passengers of the unfortunate “Ocean Monarch.”

(¹⁵) *Crush the vipers whose envionomed folds.*

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.

Tragedy of Irene, 52.

(¹⁶) *The purest bliss that man can know on earth.*

The human heart furnishes no more pleasurable emotion than that conveyed by the exercise of a virtuous or benevolent act.

Hast thou ever listened to the low wail of woe ? Not listened ? No. I'll ask, hast thou heard its crashing tone, that shrinkest up the heart of him who hears it, so that thy pulse quickens, thy bosom heaves, thy breath grows thick and warm ?—With clenched hands, thou moistenest and droppest the tear of sympathy, the offering of the heart. Hast thou done this, or so listened, and not so done ?—*Author*.

(¹⁷) *The man who makes himself by virtuous action.*

What men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,
Are baubles nothing worth, that only serve
To rouse us up, as children in the schools
Are roused up to exertion. The reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize ;
And they, the few, that have it ere they earn it,
Having by favor or inheritance,
These dangerous gifts placed in their idle hands,
And all that should await on worth well-tried,
All in the glorious days of old reserved
For manhood most mature or reverend age,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows on him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life.—*S. Rogers's Italy.*

(¹⁸) *The right to worship, as we know Buccleugh.*

The Duke of Buccleugh, owning an immense estate, will not sell nor let a piece of land for the purpose of building a chapel for a particular sect, though he has been offered three times its proper value for that purpose. One would almost be inclined to remark that the ideas of such "things of rank" (it is a rank libel to call them men) must be that there are various heavens, or portions of it, for the various sects ;—or may they not be somewhat mistaken, if that is their idea, in regard to the possibility of their getting admission into any part of heaven? These are the "things" that rule a brave nation —*Author.*

(¹⁹) *Men whom good fortune has not, could not spoil.*

I could cite, as an instance, a well known-physician of eminence, in this city, (now retired from practice,) and who would not, for a large fee, have recourse to his profession. Still I have known him visit cases of disease and indigence even in the purlieus of the "Points," and not only, like the good Samaritan of old, pour balm upon their sufferings, but administer, as well, pecuniary aid.

I can also name (and it is a fact speaking volumes in praise of the hospitable citizens of New York,) the well-known charitable (late) Mr. Samuel Judd, and late Mr. John Horsburgh, both of whom limited themselves in their disbursements to (compared with their large for-

tunes) very small amounts per annum, and the remainder, quietly and without ostentation, distributed to charitable purposes. I could also make proud mention of many others. Truly, there are some beings whose kind action to their fellow-men go far to redeem humanity from the charge of selfishness. Like the bright gem which relieves, by its lustre, the dingy darkness of the mine; or the modest and beauteous flower of the bleak and arid mountain, which, while it gladdens the eye of the way-worn traveller, sweeps o'er his senses with its rich perfume, relieving his weariness and creating pleasure in the dreary waste; or as the charm of music sweetly stealing o'er the ear of the unfortunate, poisoned by the bite of the venomous reptile, awaking anew to life the otherwise lost being. Is there aught that approaches nearer to the Divinity than such a character? I know of none. To such are all men in helplessness, as were the children to the Saviour. Such men form the connecting link between here and hereafter; such men, filled with human love, may well be termed the links of human soul.—*Author.*

(²⁰) *The poor crouch 'neath;—I'd say reside in, but'*—

Where then, ah, where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.

O. Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

(²¹) *Upon the dying child, which looks a spectre.*

Soon may this fluttering spark, of vital flame,
Forsake its languid, melancholy frame!
Soon may these eyes, their trembling lustre close,
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose!
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne
Where, lull'd to slumber, grief forgets to mourn!"

Love and Madness.—Campbell.

(²²) *Here, too, 's another picture of starvation.*

As an exemplification of the evils accruing to a country under subjugation to another, let me speak of unfortunate Erin, the land of the hero, the poet and the statesman! Sad has been thy past experiences;

wrapped in the gloom of uncertainty, thy future fate ; yet methinks a faint glimmering of light in the distant horizon, gives promise of encouragement that thy energies may by it be aroused, and that bright and halcyon days are in store for thee. But, alas ! at this present time, what tongue could relate, or whet pen depict, the sorrows and sufferings of thy people. I will endeavor, however feebly, to portray one case amongst the many—no fancy sketch, but a true recital of facts, which, unlike the usual description of such scenes, would bear much higher coloring to make it like the sad reality. Let us imagine ourselves on a cold wintry morn, travelling along a narrow country road, the harsh wind whistling its melancholy role through the stunted bushes, denuded of their leaves ; the dreary landscape rendered still more chilling to the spirits by the intense coldness of the air ; and the gloom increased by the bleak and rugged mountains which skirt the distant view. We proceed. What do we see by yonder gap ? Oh, horror ! the almost skeleton and unburied remains of two human beings—our fellow-beings ! under the partial shelter of some briars, unnaturally postured, and almost naked : the flesh, (or rather the skinny covering of what was once flesh) torn and jagged as if the hungry dogs or carrion birds of the neighborhood had commenced their cannibal repast !

Heart-sickening as is the view to our senses, other scenes of horror follow in quick succession. A wretched cabin, in resemblance a huge piggery, presents itself. Can this be the dwelling of humanity ? We examine it. We stoop our heads as compelled, in our endeavour to enter through a window-like aperture, partially stopped up with wisps of straw. We discover enough here, at a glance, to realize our worst fears, to harrow up our already excited feelings. The hearth without one spark of fire ; the room apparently containing nothing bearing within it the spark of life. But, hark ! we hear, or imagine we hear, a feeble dying wail, as from a child. Yes, mercy of heaven ! it is that of a child, who is striving, vainly striving to extract its natural nourishment from the breast of its dead mother, lying on yonder bunch of dirty fern, her sharp features and glazed eyes indicating the unutterable amount of bodily and mental suffering which preceded the stroke of the grim king of terrors. Beyond the female, and beside the wall, lies the attenuated figure of a man, his age apparently the prime of life ; through his torn garments protrude his fleshless bones ;—his clasped hands indicative of the prayer of resignation to his Maker, with which he closed his life.

But the horrid scene is not yet complete. A bed presents itself (if bed it may be called) in which are the forms of two girls, their arms, as

if for mutual protection, entwined around each other. They, too, have rendered their souls to the Great God who gave them. Oh, horror of horrors! In the agonies of dying, the teeth of the one sister are imbedded in the other's cheek!!

Weep, weep! Yes, drop your tears over such sorrows and such griefs, unexaggerated, and true even in detail.

Death has, by destitution, wrought fearful devastations at various periods, amongst the poor peasantry of Ireland,—a people whose hearts are ever alive to soothe the sorrows and to succor the distresses of others, even to dividing their last potato, or sharing their last spoonful of meal. And to what cause may we trace these melancholy evils? It is the result of subjection to another and more powerful nation. Conquest must have its victims, and bitterly indeed has thy measure been filled, poor Ireland, at its altar. Thy industry and thy wealth have been created but to supply the coffers of thy rulers; thy rights trampled upon, (even while thou hast ever furnished brave spirits for the defence of thy masters); thy best interests neglected; thy miseries and misfortunes made but the footstool of mockery. But a higher power than earthly tribunals watch, it is to be hoped, yet over thy future generations, and that will yet place thee in the rank of nations, under the free and happy government of republican institutions.—*Author*.

(²³) *I'd like to have all those who'd subjugate,—*

A nation or people professing Democracy, departs from its proper practice when it engages in warlike proceedings, except in cases of positive self-defence, as invasion of territory or of the paramount rights of her citizens; and then I doubt much the propriety (as a Democrat) of retaliation, by carrying the war off our own soil. As I understand Democracy, it is the pure practice of Christianity faithfully carried out. Could a nation hold another in subjugation, and still preserve its claim as a Democratic nation or government? I think not.—*Idem*.

(²⁴) *There is no system like the Democratic.*

The Romans divided society into two classes: the patrician and the plebeian. Democracy, however, is the only natural and proper practice of man; in which distinctions of men are unknown. It is as one; indivisible as Truth, if faithfully understood; as Truth should be, when fully practised.—*Idem*.

CANTO IV.

CANTO IV.

THE TOAD, OR A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

I.

I THINK I'd like, (though I hate the hideous Toad,)
I think I'd like (how every thing in life
Has native virtue—as the tortoise' load
Is its protection, in the deadly strife
With other reptiles.)—Oh! yes, I should like
To have the Toad's power; for beneath a dike,

II.

Or in a quarry of the hardest stone,
I'd hide myself for just a hundred years;
Yet I'd retain the power of flesh and bone,
To rise as now I rise, whene'er the cares
Of labor are refreshed; for I would rise,
And know what since had passed:—but, I'll surmise

III.

What chance may happen; as we know I can't
E'er be a Toad, yet may possess a jewel,
And, like the Toad,—for who may say I mayn't,
Possess it in the head. I bear to few ill,
Or bad desires; would the Toad were harmless
As are my enmities. If vice was charmless—

IV.

Ne'er would the heart do evil unto other ?

So, I'll surmise, that men become united,
And happier be. The earth's their common mother.

I may surmise, the wrongs of men be righted ;
That owing to steam, to speak one language able
Will be all nations ; thus the tower of Babel

V.

Will be a blot, forever, well rubbed out.

Again, surmising that religions differ

No longer ; and, that nations will cry out,

“ We follow truth,” that falsehood, as a whiff—or
Departed monarch, be as thing that has been ;
The same with despots, yes, both king and queen.

VI.

So thus I run on, as I say, surmising ;

Free trade will be in vogue ; no import taxes ;

It may seem strange, yet it is not surprising,

These things should happen,—as one's temper waxes,
In dispute, warm ; because, an imposition
Being too long in practice, needs change its position.

VII.

Well then, again, I will surmise that wars—

As well as rogues of kings—are out of fashion ;

The latter with good reason ; and because

The people, on the rogues well laid the lash on,
And thrashed them out, as farmers do their corn,
Yet found but chaff. Too long had nations borne

VIII.

Their wicked rule ; for, like Sindbad's old man,
They'd choked the people nearly unto death.
I like surmising, that as a people can,
They shook them off; as Sindbad stopped his breath,
Or, as the Hydra with its many a head,
Left but a tail, to tell the tale, 'tis said.

IX.

And too, I'm thinking, that there'll be no rank,
Or mushroom pride;—that all, as men, will feel,
All men are equal;—that the poor and lank
Will be as “rara aves;” Fortune's wheel
Changed as to want. I abhor pauperism,
It is an ugly word ; too much like schism.

X.

And, that the poor will ever be prohibited
From any other tax than that of labor ;
Yes ! e'en the houses which by them inhabited,
Shall pay no tax ; such shall be by their neighbor,
If he is rich, if not, by those who are :
Much better tax the rich than poor, by far.

XI.

Thus will the poor man have an opportunity
Of saving cash, to keep him in old age,
Or push him forward, and, not as an unity
Remain through life as poor. Thus I'll engage
Things will turn out so, and much happier be
Its generation. Branches of a tree

XII.

Feed from one trunk ; so would a population,
If wisely ruled, be all alike protected ;
The trunk gives life to all ;—articulation
Unto the feeble limb, unless by disease infected,
Which leads to death. All things by nature live,
All things by nature die. Why should the poor man grieve ?

XIII.

'Tis better, surely, (and about as easy,)
For all to pass through life like men. The beasts
Care for their kind, together herd. How wheezy
The rich oft get, from making glorious feasts ;
Then, sure, 'tis better that mankind should practice
As God ordained to all men. Truth needs no tactics.

XIV.

There'll be, too, freedom of all public schools ;
The public pay for universities,
As well as where the military rules
Are taught to youth ;—all partialities,
Of every kind, abolished ;—rich and poor,
In public life be one ;—thus shut the door

XV.

To base intrigue, or party pandering,
A sort of bait to catch a greedy voter ;
The stream of politics should ne'er be meandering,
But as a line straight, and not an iota
Depart from truth ; (I may as well say honor,
Though both are one ;) of names I'm not the donor.

XVI.

Well, too, that public servants exercise,
 (I now speak specially of Civic Boards,)
 A due discretion in their charities,
 Nor use the public funds. From their own hoards
 Dispense their princely gifts; dollars five hundred (¹)
 Is much too much to give. I've often wondered

XVII.

How men can do such things; to one man give
 What's not their own, which makes it more unjust,
 And let the poor, who've not wherewith to live,
 Remain in want; I ask if this be just?
 Is it that men of worth care not to fill
 Such public stations? To that I'll say "*nil*,"

XVIII.

Yet can but tell what, passing in the Park
 One wintry morn, I did not like to see:
 A crowd of paupers, tended by a clerk,
 Who gave to each some wood. It seem'd to me
 Our City Fathers' hearts were a nonentity,
 Or they would have increas'd each one's small quantity.

XIX.

I'll leave cold charity, and unto crime
 Devote a verse or two, most strongly hoping,
 'Mong other changes, that in the meantime,
 Foul crime no longer will with crime be coping;
 If 'tis a crime to kill, (who can deny it?)
 Oh! why increase such crime, in more blood dye it;

XX.

Unless on principle, that where no light is
Darkness should e'er remain ; or that the tutor,
In order to enforce on youth what right is,
Should wrong commit ? 'Tis as a sort of neuter,
Or curious method, labyrinthine way,
Strewn with sharp thorns to ease a barefoot way.

XXI.

" Thou shalt not murder : whoso sheddeth blood,
By man shall have his shed." Yet a first murder,
As it were, to increase the gory flood,
Must be by another followed. 'Tis absurd ; or,
As like the tiger, whose first bloody taste
Gives zest for more. Why should not mankind haste

XXII.

To cleanse their skirts of blood, nor ape the tiger ?
The strong can guard the weak ; so can the mass
Villains control. (For future time, the Niger
Hides what beneath it lies.) 'Twill come to pass,
I hope, as I have said. Nor have I fears
Such crime will vanish in a hundred years.

XXIII.

Well then, I hope, that in one phase of crime,
Men having made corrections, in another
Will be more stringent ; punishment should rhyme,
Or deal to rascals, as, unto each brother,
Should every parent. Swindlers then, as thieves,
Would so be treated ; of one book they're leaves.

XXIV.

If not e'en worse I hold that wily rogue,
Who, by the law protected, wealth obtains ;
A genteel villain, dressed oft in the vogue
Of latest fashion, yet escapes the pains
And penalties of crime. How oft the joker
Revels in fashion, may-be dance the polka

XXV.

At some grand rout or ball, with Miss S. B.,
Or Fanny J., both daughters of the wealthy.
I cannot say the polka pleases me,
For it is quite immodest, can't be healthy,
That is, to youthful minds ; so that I trust
Such rules of fashion will become as dust,—

XXVI.

Blown as a cloud forever from our land,
And not as dust be thrown into the eyes
Of those fond parents, who their daughter's hand
Have to bestow on man ; so, if they're wise,
That is, all those who at this canto glance,
Will d——n the polka—banish it to France.

XXVII.

Talking of fashions, too, I hope they'll change
To what, 'mongst baboons, might not seem contrary.
Why should men ever strive so to derange
Human appearance, with excrescence hairy ?
'Twould be a puzzle, oft not worth the pains,
To ascertain their whereabouts of brains.

XXVIII.

Perhaps it may be placed to love of kings ;
There may be some that wish kings were ethereal ;
But I will add a wish that they had wings,
Forever fly away, and each imperial
Take with them to some place ;—I say, alack !
I care not where, so that they ne'er come back.

XXIX.

I don't much like to satirize the sex,
As in my time I've loved them ever dearly ;
But if I did not, it my muse might vex,
That, as a Democrat, I had not fairly
Reviewed all errors, as they e'er should be
In fairness treated : thus, they must by me

XXX.

Receive attention. So I'll go hoping on,
That such and such improper innovation
Will be removed, and as beneath the stone,
As toad, I fancied lie. Such situation
Has bothered, much, professors of Geology ;
Then, ladies, be content with my apology ;

XXXI.

Take it in kindness ; so I hope they will
Refrain from altering their fair proportions
By tight-laced stays, which tend to make them ill,
Create consumption, also sad contortions
Of the angelic form (I mean no squib)
Jehovah fashioned from old Adam's rib.

XXXII.

It might be well, too, that they should reflect
Upon—I now forget from whom derived that saying,
It is not always one can recollect,—
(’Tis bad to be for rouge or plaster paying)
“That beauty unadorned ’s adorned the most.”
I’ve seen some women that have looked the ghost,

XXXIII.

From having used vile things they call cosmetics,
That do the epidermis irritate ;
I trust they will forbear, or as emetics
Avoid such nostrums, ere it be too late ;
Remember health, as wealth, must have its cares,
Or it will vanish, and not last for years.

XXXIV.

I too believe that, as the world advances,
All public spectacles as well as players
Will teach morality, not obscene dances,
Which pamper vice, and act as base betrayers
To virtuous feelings ; often have such scenes
Lured to destruction persons in their teens.

XXXV.

But I’m diverging ; as we know the painter
Must place his lights and shadows, so must I
Give here and there a thought,—I think, scientia,
Thought is, in Latin. Thus, you see, I try
To form my book, as should a pretty picture,
Create a pleasure. Be not harsh in stricture.

XXXVI.

A blot, they say in law, is not a blot
Until found out. Why, then, so much for law ?
I'm Democratic, so would rather not
Have aught in politics that has a flaw :
So, to insure its practice, vote by ballot
Should e'er decide each office. So then shall it.

XXXVII.

I've an idea, too, that all office-holders
Will married men be ; and not bachelors
Feed at the public crib. Young heads and shoulders
Require protection, so they'll pass such laws,
And let the single men, who're better able,
Care for themselves. As was the Augean stable,

XXXVIII.

Shall public offices be purified.
I'd have, too, laws to punish what I'm sure
Is crime, with which most men are horrified.
'Tis against nature, so should find a cure :
That is, I mean the crime, "cohabitation
Of white with black." I think Amalgamation

XXXIX.

'Tis better known as. Life's a game of chequer,
I've somewhere read, but that's no reason why
Man should the human race more strongly flecker
Than has dame Nature. Though we all must die,
Why should we dye ? or form another hue,
Or mongrel breed ? Dear reader, what think you ?

XL.

How I would use a whip, had I the power
"To lash all rascals naked through the world ;"
But I will use my pen, nor shall it cower
To wealth or station. Oft the men who've furled,
With gallant bearing, sails mid tempests dread,
Have been by tyrants flogged until as dead,—

XLI.

Yes! mangled, bloody corpses, have become
Upon that vessel's deck, their acts had saved
From wreck or total loss. Yes, there are some
Men, whose base hearts have been so much depraved,
As was Shylock's, who, human blood desired
From tortured human flesh, by hell was fired.

XLII.

Then such foul crime shall be (it has been written
Too long in blood) by pen and ink washed out.
I ask all men, who with the truth are smitten,
And love of fellow-man, if thin or stout,
Or rich or poor, or with or without friends,
If man should e'er be tortured ; by rope-ends

XLIII.

His back be mangled ? for a Tiger Cat,
With all the venom of its claws or nails,
Could him but kill. What has the world been at,
Permitting murder by a Cat with Tails ?
Long ere a hundred years, such crime shall be
No more permitted, upon land or sea.

XLIV.

I like full well the French; why should I not?
For they have ta'en the lead in Revolution
'Mong Europe's nations; so that not a jot
Care I for errors. I'd them absolution
Grant for all such, in human charity,
As I like much their "Monts de Piété."

XLV.

"There's something rotten in the State of Denmark,"
And rotten things in other States I ween;
As I write with my pen, why shan't it then mark,
As well as remark, on all things unclean?
Why should pawnbrokers charge so much per cent, (²)
With good security for money lent?

XLVI.

There somehow seems to be, towards the poor,
A legal line, drawn as a sort of fence,
Making the rich still richer; 'tis so, or
Why should they borrow, at so great expense,
If they their bed should pledge? 'Tis quite uneven:
The rich can borrow what they want at seven.

XLVII.

Then this, with other frauds, will be no more;
Can't be too soon reformed; so let the State
Alone lend money to distressed or poor.
A money-lender is a thing I hate:
'Tis bad to borrow, pleasanter to lend;
But then, why charge so much, if to befriend?

XLVIII.

I much expect to see, in fact desire,

The poor will be protected by insurance, (^s)
 Whene'er burnt out, which happens oft, by fire.

God knows, of ills they've had their full endurance ;
 Well then, the rich shall such a class insure
 By voluntary fund ;—the rich should give the poor.

XLIX.

About four years ago, as near as may be,

(If not exactly so, I'll stand corrected,)

Some wretch was in a stable ; to the hay, he

Set fire ; it quickly spread ; its light reflected
 O'er half the town ; and ere it was put out,
 Three hundred houses burned without a doubt.

L.

Three thousand persons thrust without a home,

To live on charity, as winter cold.

'Twas a sad sight for human eyes to roam,

As mine did, o'er the scene, next day ; it told,
 As such scenes e'er should tell the human mind,
 "Man should, in sorrow's hour, to man be kind."

LI.

Then, midst the ruins, as I took my stand,

Thoughts came (nor vanished) that such ills might be,
 In some degree, removed. In every land

The rich can selves protect. The poor
 No fee can give, or if they could, such small amount
 Would be considered as of no account.

LII.

I'm sure all banks, which are as banks of sand,
Will be defunct ; they ne'er last very long ;
Then, in their place, the State shall take in hand
And supervise all banking ; so no wrong
Will be permitted as in former years,
Robbing the poor and adding to their cares.

LIII.

We've often heard the cry of "Bank Detector"
At our store doors, with more new counterfeits,
Which, like to many a roguish bank director,
Deceive the people. I'd send through the streets
All public robbers, as in days of yore,
To a cart's tail tied, and flogged till they were sore.

LIV.

I am not very rich ; thank God, not poor :
For if I were, it would be more distressing,
As in my wallet, twenty-five or more
Broken bank dollars I've, not worth a blessing :
"New Hope," et cetera, somewhere in Jersey,
As worthless as old pants, made up of kersey.

LV.

Monopolies shall all, too, be abolished ;
To help all men, give not to one a right
Another can't possess ; for if unpolished,
Or wrapt in ignorance for want of light,
'Tis argument that such things need correction ;
It is the weak and poor require protection.

LVI.

Well, now I come to what unto my mind
 Has often given pain ; I hardly know,
 Yet I cannot consent to leave behind
 Such theme important ; though I do allow,
 It will, with many another evil thing
 Within the hundred years, as 'twere, take wing.

LVII.

I hardly know, I said in my last verse,
 (That is I meant) how to approach what is
 A subject of regret,—that such a curse
 Should on our country rest ; but then it is
 Or was entailed upon us by the knavery
 Of other rule ;—so I'll slightly pass by slavery.

LVIII.

I've said it with regret. They who have breathed
 Nature's pure air of Liberty, should feel
 As should all men by affluence be-wreathed
 Around with comfort, wish to others' weal :
 Who that has e'er been free, should e'er another
 Wish to enslave ;—yes, e'en a colored brother ?

LIX.

Yet, under circumstance, must reason guide
 Too ; “ out of evil sometimes cometh good ; ”
 E'en nations cannot always stem a tide.
 I must assert, I've often thought I would,—
 Who doubts it ? though it has been, no one can,—
 Sorrow's sad cup unto the colored man.

LX.

That slavery may yet find an Hesperia—

For all can see the kindling spark which gleams
On Afric's shore ! The Colony Liberia,

Unto the colored race prophetic seems
To say, "Hail ! colored man ! though sable be thy coat,
Thy people's bane shall be thy antidote."

LXI.

"Causes create effects," and strange ones too,
Confusing oft ideas. A strange philosophy,
Which should our minds console mid sorrow's hue,
Yet seems our past experience to defy ;
Though we may scan the surface of a river,
What lies beneath, is known but to the Giver

LXII.

Of life, all good,—the Father of mankind ;
He in his wisdom preordained all things.
What to us seemeth strange, his master mind
For good created ; e'en of death, its stings
The soul releases, to a higher bliss
The virtuous man. Dear youth, remember this.

LXIII.

Oh, Albion ! in thy Isle shall changes be,
Long needed by thy people. Future years
Shall boast the record, that thy masses free,
Reap due reward for labor's daily cares ;
Yes ! that thy idle acres tilled, shall teem (⁴)
With golden fruit of Ceres. 'Tis no dream

LXIV.

About thy idle acres : fruitful source

Of what's termed crime, though better known as poaching,
But as crime punished. Some pursue a course,

As if as gods they were,—still keep encroaching
Upon their fellow-men ; claim nature's gifts
For 'selves ; but unto others compel shifts,

LXV.

The shifts of poverty ; the seeds of crime ;

The wants and sorrows of down-trodden man :
Then shall those acres, ere much lapse of time,

Employ, produce, reward as acres can,
And were ordained by nature, nature's God :
Oh, man ! why o'er thy fellow hold the rod

LXVI.

Of cruel power, so that you may crush

Your fellow-man ? who, as the bruised herb,
Rewards the power that crushes ? As the thrush

Imprisoned sings, its jailer from the curb
Of harsh restraint reaps pleasure. But alas ! Oh !
What oft may pleasure one, may be another's woe.

LXVII.

Thus thou, Oh Albion ! sea-girt Isle, wilt be,

(Would that I might be spared, with gladdened heart
To join my voice in song,) as ocean free ;

Free as the air all breathe ; each son a part
Shall take in laws, which each son's rights retain ;
Oh, ne'er should man his fellow's rights restrain !

LXVIII.

Then, Oh! dear Albion—dear art thou to me;
 Thy suffering sons, my kinsmen, have a hold
 Upon my heart's affections—thou shalt be,
 Some years hence, happy;—pure as Ophir's gold
 The happiness for thee; but thou must first
 Crumble all titled rank into the dust.

LXIX.

Thou too must rid the land, (I hate the term,)
 Of a large portion of thy population,
 As doth the parent, ere yet too infirm,
 Provide his children with some other station
 Than that of home; for what may feed a few,
 Will starve the many. This then thou must do:—

LXX.

In wisdom create means to carry out
 What are but truly philanthropic views;
 Raise funds by taxing wealth, 'tis tax about;
 How oft the poor are taxed, is but stale news.
 Thou canst pass acts for pensions,—purpose vile;
 So canst thou feed the poor, why practise guile?

LXXI.

Thy rich, thy rank, (vile rank,) thy rulers, they (⁶)
 May sneer at this; may pride their might of power;
 May call me fool, or mad: Thus, then, I say,
 How acts the surgeon in disease's hour,
 To save the life, lengthen the days of him,
 His patient? Why, he amputates the limb.

LXXII.

Dost well remember how a boy for olives
 Into a jug thrust forth his greedy arm ?
His hand crammed full, (the miser ever so lives,)
 He would withdraw it. But, to his alarm,
Found he could not, so loosed his hold of some ;—
So must thy rulers act, or to destruction come.

LXXIII.

But if they've wisdom, that's if it they'll practise,
 (As should all knowledge e'er be well applied,)
Years yet may govern. A truly striking fact is
 Taught by these states : a people so allied
As are these states, present a glorious grandeur !
The happy mass from home need never wander.

LXXIV.

And thou, too, Erin ! “ first gem of the sea ;”
 Soon shall thy harp attune unto thy sons
The ever-stirring song of Liberty ;
 The land resound with joy of happy ones ;
And equal laws and equal rights combine
To join for e'er in friendship thy green Isle with mine.

LXXV.

'Tis not the day to palter with the tongue ;
 And if it were, 'twould not be done with mine ;
I write in truth for Freedom, and 'gainst wrong ;
 I'd lend my aid to build up Emmet's shrine.
Oh ! “ Hampden !” “ Emmet !” —both alike desired
Their country's freedom ; both alike inspired.

LXXVI.

The spark of Liberty, like spark of fire,
 May for a time be quenched, but 'twill again
Burst forth with ardor ; for all men desire
 Freely to live ; 'tis only those who sin,
Should e'er be trammelled. Oh ! that all would be
As God ordained, then would all men be free.

LXXVII.

Free, then, to speak, to act, to come, or go ;
 Free from all sin, from doing ill to other ;
Free to receive kind help, 'midst every woe ;
 Free to acknowledge every man a brother ; (⁶)
Free to roam o'er the world ; to kindness given ;
Free too to enter paradise or heaven.

LXXVIII.

But turn we unto France : Oh France, ma belle !
 Praise unto thee is due ; keep on thy course
Of freedom, nor look back ; remember well
 Thy mournful past, when freedom, as a corpse,
Lay dead in France. Remember well Lot's wife,
Nor e'er desire return to corrupt regal life.

LXXIX.

I do not doubt thee, with thy bright array
 Of splendid talent ! 'mong them Lamartine ;
I cannot doubt thee, but that Freedom's ray
 Thou'lt e'er maintain unsullied, and serene
Will be thy future ; shun, as a fearful pest,
All titled rule. The people's is the best.

LXXX.

Oh ! hordes of Russia, Poland, and all other
Nations in bondage held, by tyrant rule,
Give vent to thoughts ; (thank God ! nought can it smother ;)
Thoughts become words, matured in wisdom's school ;
And thoughts and words, if action right should follow,
In bondage vile no nation long need wallow.

LXXXI.

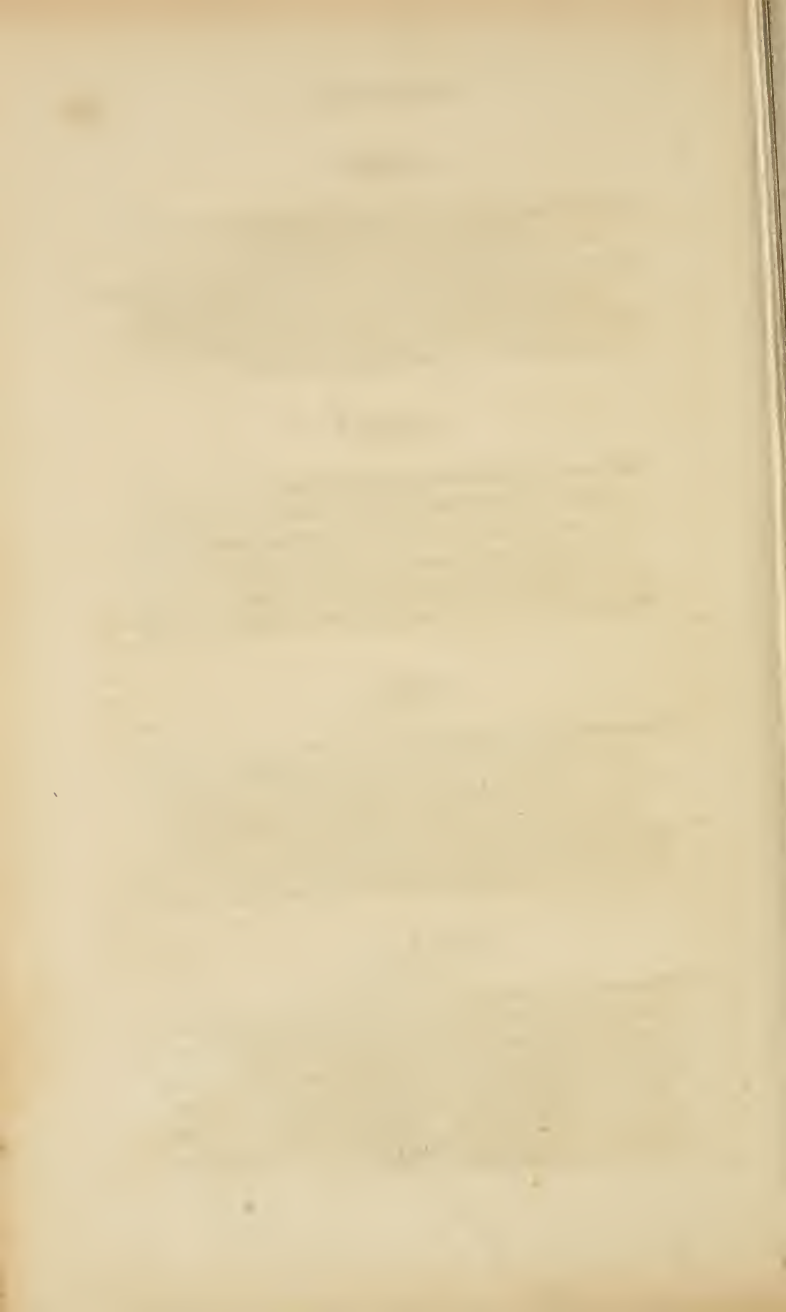
Thanks to Columbia, and again to France,
Again to gallant hearts, in other lands,
All, all have helped, as men have ope'd the dance
Of "over the hills and far away," to bands
Of royal rogues, and battenning lords, and what,
Within a hundred years, I trust, will be forgot.

LXXXII.

I'm certain that in time the earth will be
One vast Republic. Oh ! how to be desired
'Twill be indeed ; a glorious sight to see
All ports as one ; mankind with one mind fired ;
Quarrels and wrongs for evermore to cease ;
The whole world flourish mid the arts of peace.

LXXXIII.

There are more errors that I could point out,
That will sustain a change, as man wise grows,
Will change, as I have done, from verse to prose.
I'd name them, as I've others, though I doubt
If it is needful. Thus then I must close
This Canto 'bout a Toad, and hundred years,
In which will vanish many human cares.



NOTES TO CANTO IV.

(¹) *Dispense their princely gifts, dollars five hundred.*

I presume that the occasional lavish expenditures of our conscript fathers, in some recent instances so very glaring, are too well known to need particularizing. Economy should certainly be the order of the day, in justice to the tax-payers, on the score of morality, as well as the additional means afforded thereby, with which to relieve the necessities of our numerous poor.

(²) *Why should pawnbrokers charge so much per cent.*

It may not be generally known, that the pawnbroker is allowed by law, to charge the enormous interest of twenty-five per cent per annum! at the same time taking security, frequently for three and four times the amount loaned; and, it is even in some cases more than that, as they charge one month's interest if an article is in pledge but a portion of that period. Would to God some patriotic member of the Legislature would bring a law before the people of the State, embodying what I have foreshadowed in the two following verses,—he would be blessed by the prayers of the poor and distressed, whose necessities too frequently compel them to have recourse to what must be termed a necessary evil, the pawnbroker, alias "Uncle;" though why he bears that euphonious title, unless in honor of the crook-backed "Richard," or from the children of the wood, I know not; but, as a relative, I should say, "Oh, save me from my friends!"

(³) *The poor will be protected by insurance.*

From the New-York Morning Herald, of June 9th, 1845.

SUBSCRIPTION RELIEF FUND FOR POOR SUFFERERS FROM FIRE.

TO THE EDITOR—SIR: An eye-witness to the distress after the fire on Sunday, 1st inst., it occurred to me, that in a city like this, such calamities should be provided for by prompt and immediate assistance to the poor sufferers. It is an old saying, applicable in this case, that "Whilst the grass grows, the steed is starving;" and though I trust something handsome will yet be done, as "charity begins at home," (and we can afford it to strangers,) still this sort of lingering state of misery for the future should not be.

I propose, then, in view thereof, the creation of a fund by voluntary subscription; the City Treasury the place of deposit, allowing interest thereon; and the acting Mayor the dispenser thereof. Subscriptions to be made in one sum, as well as yearly, and always in advance; and when the sum of five thousand dollars has accumulated, (and the funds, I trust, would be always on the increase,) in such an event as Fire, each poor, suffering family, should on the following day, by a certificate of the Alderman in the Ward, be entitled to receive twenty-five dollars; and the funds should not be converted, or made use of, for any other purpose. Here then would be an "oasis in their misery:" no public begging nor private charity importuned, so degrading to the feelings; for many of our poor have seen better days. The poor are not too much thought of; are they not necessary to society? Who does the labor, but the poor? Are we not all democrats here? all human beings? I hope that such a fund will be immediately raised. If the Mayor will open the books, in his office, in furtherance of such a result, much misery for the future will be obviated; and please consider me first on the list, a subscriber for ten dollars per annum.

I am yours, &c.,

GEORGE ROGERS, 3 Chambers-St.

(⁴) *Yes, that thy idle acres tilled shall teem.*

The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lakes, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;

The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
 Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their growth ;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.
 While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure, all
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

O. Goldsmith.—Deserted Village.

(⁵) *The rich, thy rank, (vile rank,) thy rulers they.*

For me ! before a monarch's face,
 Ev'n there I winna flatter ;
 For neither pension, post, nor place,
 Am I your humble debtor :
 So, nae reflection on your grace,
 Your kingship to bespatter ;
 There's monie waur been o' the race,
 And aiblins ane been better,
 Than you this day.

Robert Burns.—A Dream.

(⁶) *Free to acknowledge every man a brother.*

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

Robert Burns.—For a' that and a' that.

CANTO V.

CANTO V

I.

IN early youth,—the truth I will confess—
I strove to find out where dwelt happiness ;
My young impressions, at that early age,
I may as well indite upon this page.

ON HAPPINESS.

Oh, Happiness ! where art thou to be found ?
Is yonder merchant happy,
Whose speculations, for these years, have proved most fortunate ?
His home, built like a palace, columns high,
Its front doth grace ;
Superbly furnished rooms, with mirrors shine,
The mockery of reality ;
While sideboards groan beneath the weight
Of massive plate of gold and silver ore ;
Here pampered menials, dressed in liveries fine,
In waiting, tend to foster pride and pamper vanity,
While round the festive board the guests do sit,
Enjoying seasoned meats ; and wines most rare
Their palates moisten ;
Hark ! to the toast : “ Our noble host ;
A bumper fill, huzza ! ”

Is our host happy, think ye? See you not
 Yon little door behind his chair?
 It opes; then enters in
 His private friend and worthy secretaire;
 A paper in his hand, he gives the host,
 Who reads. Just see! His brow grows dark,
 While ashy pale become his lineaments.

“Your bark, so richly freighted from the East,
 Has foundered in a gale; all hands with her were lost.
 Th’ insurance unsecured.” And see he faints,
 He falls, and utters half aloud,
 “I am a ruined man.”

Oh, parasitical friends! They gather round;
 The letter in his hand, which tells to them
 The tale it told to him; and they exclaim,
 “Poor man, we’re sorry; (vain but foolish man,
 He was too proud; indeed he lived too high;
 Of mushroom growth.)” [*sotto voce.*]

’Tis exclamations, such as these, the icy heart
 Of but too many men make the tongue utter
 In sad misfortune’s hour,
 When sorrow o’er the head of man may lower,
 And then our friends depart as did his friends:
 Thus happiness in such a life oft ends.

Then let us ask the Diplomatic Peer,
 Or Minister, or e’en Plenipotentiary,
 Who schemes his brain to o’ermatch a like confederation,
 Well glossed and varnished, with such language fine,
 “As most distinguished high consideration,”
 Considering that his mission’s well attained,
 If higher rank, ’bove others, he has gained.

Then he'd be happy, but the snares and toil
He weaves for others, sometimes may recoil
Upon his head, though wise the caput be ;
Then happiness rests not with such as he.

Once more. Again, Oh, Happiness ! where art thou to be found?
Does the mechanic, master of all arts,
Find, in his stage of life, thee, Happiness ?
From morn to night, beneath the slated roof,
Of some large factory, or smaller shop,
He doth exert ingenious application
To better man's estate, though his may not improve ;
For while he labors hard to bring to light
Some new machine, invention, saving labor,
Reduces but the want as well as pay
Of such as he.

Again, the times may change, money be scarce,
Merchants may fail, employment cease to be ;
And when employed, his wife, with children numerous,
His cares engross ; with many wants for all,
His pittance scarce his many wants supply ;
Then daily labor wears away his frame,
Which iron could scarce withstand ;
While sickness oft o'ertakes, in time, old age ;
The workhouse oft his doom, a living grave ;
The grave's a better refuge.

Thus, then, still further must I search for thee,
Blest Happiness :

Then, Happiness, once more I ask, within
What phase of life thou dwellest ?
Must it not be mid rural scenes, wherein
Peace, quietness, and solitude combine

To soothe the senses ? Sorrow seldom finds
 Its echoes there ;—a few, but kindly friends
 Within our reach, to cheer our onward way,
 Through life's short path. For absence from
 The busy crowd of life, small knowledge of its woes,
 And sad necessities, truly must sweetly tend
 To ease as well as lengthen out our days.

Oh, then, for rural life. Thus will I paint
 From thy felicity, a "Tableau Vraie."

See yonder ploughman, trudging forth to work
 At break of day, while the lark carols forth
 His matin song ;
 The ambient air, perfumed by goddess Flora ;
 The rising sun, with gorgeous tints, gives warmth
 Unto the landscape view. Beneath yon trees,
 Towards which our rustic throws a rapid glance,
 We see a cottage ; woodbine creeping round
 Its simple, lowly porch ; and in the garden, at the wicket-gate,
 A female, with an infant in her arms.
 But such a chubby child ! with rosy cheeks,
 Blue eyes, and golden curls ; while, see ! it jumps,
 And clasps its tiny hands, and cries, "A, ha, da-da !"

Oh, bliss parental ! pure affection ! life's sheet-anchor, home !
 Without thy charm, life would be as a schism ;
 'Tis home gave birth to what's called patriotism.

The happy "ploughman, forward wends his way,"
 And ploughs or harrows, sows or reaps,
 As e'en the case may be ;
 Meridian sun will find him 'neath the shade
 Of some fine, spreading tree ;

His frugal meal despatched with appetite
 An alderman might envy ;—
No wine to ache his head, or pain his limbs,
But pure and limpid water from the brook.

Oh, water pure ! Oh, for a glass of water,
 When thirst annoys, and all our senses droop !
'Tis better, far, than ale, or beer, or porter :
 It cools the brain ; in children, cures the croup,—
That is, if well applied, “*secundum artem* ;”
If not, you may expect “*alteram partem*.”

Our ploughman, having dined, is not annoyed
 With indigestion, or what's termed, dyspepsia ;
Returns to toil, no care upon his mind,
 And quits, as eve draws near, (as happy Gipsy,)
Returns to home ; his darling wife and child
Greet him with gladness ; joyous tones
The babe sends forth ; and, yes ! I can't forbear,
A modest kiss his wife bestows on him.

The table spread for supper, at his feet
 Reclines his faithful dog ;
While puss, asleep, the magpie in his cage
Tries hard to wake her, crying, “Puss ! puss ! puss !”

His frugal meal discussed, the child to bed,
 He converse holds with her he holds most dear ;
A few short prayers, or else the Bible read,
 Retires to rest ; thus happiness is here,
 And why ?
No clash of arms, no jarring strife of words,
 No envied wealth engross his thoughts or mind ;

His wants but few, his labor well affords ;
 And by such practice, his limbs unconfined,
 Gives health, as well as strength, his life to bless :—
 Here dost thou dwell then, Oh ! true Happiness ! (¹)

H E A L T H .

II.

Again, I wrote of Health ; I praised its charm,
 The roseate hue it ever gives to life ;
 While on a pallet, sick with broken arm,
 Reviewed its memory, e'er with pleasures rife ;
 Wrote a few lines, and placed them o'er my head ;
 I them remember, it was thus they read :

III.

“ Oh ! ruddy Health ! to life thou giv'st the zest ;
 For what is wealth without thee ? 'Tis as dross.
 Thou art the poor man's friend ; without thee, rest
 Is sought in vain by all. Upon a moss-
 Grown bank I've often slept, while poor, in health,
 When, mayhap, some one richer sought by stealth,

IV.

From 'pothecary's art, to snatch a doze,
 Or short-lived nap, but may have sought in vain ;
 Well fed and warmly clad in costly clothes,
 Both pampering pride, and giving birth to pain.
 Then give me health, with virtue, e'en if poor ;
 For what is life without, but as a sore

V.

That rankles, festers, body well as mind;
 An Upas poison to the life of man.
 Oh, health ! Oh, virtue ! as is truth, e'er kind
 Art thou ; without thee, life, though but a span,
 Becomes a dreary waste, a dark abyss ;
 But with thee, life e'er teems with earthly bliss.

VI.

How men pervert religion, nature's truth !
 If not for influence, 'tis the almighty dollar
 Controls the mind. Such lessons to the youth
 Fit some for power, others for the collar ;
 Alike degrading to the man who drives,
 As to him who wears the collar. Many lives

VII.

Have been imbittered :—(they might have been happy
 Had pure Democracy been carried out,
 Its precepts being nature's. Napoleon, Nappy
 Might do for shortness) men will ever shout,
 For false if vivid acts ; as ignis fatuus bright, (²)
 Or as the moth, attracted by a light.

VIII.

So evanescent is the admiration
 Men pay to one, as moths do to the other ;
 Impressions, to be lasting on a nation,
 Are made by good acts, bad ones only smother
 All claims on memory to the end of time :
 Why call men heroes for committing crime ? (³)

IX.

I've read some curious books within my time,
 Where subjects various were dwelt upon ;
 (I've written, once in prose, now first in rhyme,)
 As trade, religion, people, and King John,
 Usurped rights, barons, and Magna Charta,
 And that I liked, it was a glorious barter.

X.

I read one, too, that beautifully told
 Its intent ; still it ever seemed to me
 A strange idea : " A young man can't be old !"
 The truth of such a phrase I could not see.
 " England, with all thy faults, I love thee still ;"
 As well compare a river to a rill.

THE CONTRAST.

XI.

Can I e'er love the land that doth withhold
 From man his birthright, precious more than gold ;
 That doth confer on one the right to vote
 Away another's right ? If he who wrote
 The first of these few lines were living now,
 Methinks his mind would change, and he'd recall his vow.

XII.

Can I e'er love the land that doth bestow
 A palace, filled with wealth, on foreign birth ?
 Which gathered from the earnings of its low
 And much-neglected children, of its earth,
 To pamper pride, and pomp, and gilded show,—
 A sorry contrast to its scenes of woe ?

XIII.

Can I e'er love the land that feeds a king,
And starves its subjects, while loud pœans ring
"God save him!" from a titled band of rank,
Not "nature's noblemen?" A rotten plank
Would add support more in a point of view
To weakness, than the good they all e'er do.

XIV.

Can I e'er love the land whose union mocks
Its sister Isle, while e'en gaunt famine knocks
At each lone door, which opened, sheds a light
On such dread scenes, heart-sickening to the sight,
With cries of sorrow, and such shrieks of woe?
In Erin's Isle these things should not be so.

XV.

Can I e'er love the land that with a corps
Of armed troops,—they're better fed I'm sure
Than are the masses, who by taxes pay
For their support; yet, if they meet to say
Unto the government, we wish our wrongs to cease,
These troops may slaughter them in time of peace—

XVI.

Can I e'er love the land that has ('tis horrid)
A bench of bishops, prosy, fat and florid;
Who live like princes (this pollutes my pen),
And take of every kind, one out of ten?
I have not only heard, but seen it too,
Men thrust from home 'cause tithe was overdue.

XVII.

But here is a land I love, Columbia, dear !

Where man his fellow-man need never fear ;
The laws abiding, that will mete to all (4)

Justice and equal rights ; no thralldom's pall
Casts here its shadow, like the Upas tree,
To poison life, by stifling Liberty.

Here soars the eagle upwards to the sky,
Not clipped, nor shorn of thee, blest Liberty !

XVIII.

I love its sunny clime, there's space to roam ;

To all a welcome, free and happy home,

Where want is not, and all alike enjoy

Its blessings, and where all can find employ.

I love its glory, glory in its fame,

Revere its patron saint, "George Washington" by name.

XIX.

Time will roll on, and tyrants pass away ;

Monarchies crumble ; nations, too, decay ;

The world grow wiser through the march of mind ;

Man, to his fellow-man, become more kind :

But thou, Columbia dear, shall e'er retain

The bright effulgence of Liberty's flame.

XX.

Here education finds its numerous friends ;

The intellect matured, which God e'er sends

To all, though each in some respects may be

Less blessed ; yet I thank God, that all are free !

And here the jewel that adorns the mind

Meets with due homage from its fellow-kind.

XXI.

May curses blight that heart which throws a brand
 To disunite a compact pure and grand,
 Surpassing all that e'er the world has seen,
 A nation governing self;—nor king, nor queen,
 Nor peer, nor any other puppet creature,
 Can e'er deface of Liberty a feature.

XXII.

Then may that Power above, that ruleth all,
 So guide thee wisely, that thou ne'er can'st fall (6)
 Beneath the rank of nations ; but as now,
 E'er be the first. Oh ! I dare make a vow,
 That He who our fathers led in days of yore,
 Will guide thy interests now, and evermore.

XXIII.

Then may thy numerous sons the right uphold
 Of all mankind ; give product as land arable ;
 By peaceful arts, gain strength ;—from young and old
 I call their close attention to this parable.

THE PARABLE.

XXIV.

A youth, in India, traversing the plains,
 Came to a mountain :
 Wearied was he, blood-heated in his veins ;
 Sat by a fountain

That gushed from out the rocks ;
 And as he lay
Watching the splendid birds that passed in flocks,
 He saw the play
Of the most beauteous thing all men admire,
 Of such a size !
A precious stone, a diamond, with rare fire,
 Indeed a prize !
 Just such a prize is Liberty !
Possession palls ; our Indian soon got tired ;
 As well we know
Will men with beauty ; (oft in youth admired,
 Skin white as snow.)
Nature had to this diamond given lustre,
 As well as size ;
It sparkled brightly, with the stars might muster,
 Dazzled the eyes :
Still would our Indian, thinking to improve
 This gem of worth,
Rub it, and scrub it, and its hue did move
 With grosser earth ;
Its shining lustre dimmed. Too late he found,
 As did the boy
Whose goose laid oval, golden eggs ; (not round ;)
 So did he cloy.
Just as the dog, with piece of meat, of yore,
 I read of years since,
That lost the substance, though the shadow bore
 A large appearance.

MORAL.

XXV.

Columbia's stars shine bright, Oh ! may they ever
 Retain their lustre ; stars ne'er brighter shone,
O'er any nation. Nought let the Union sever ;
 Seek peace, remain content, let well alone.

XXVI.

So shall our eagle, through the march of time,
Its wings extend ; throw its protection o'er
Far distant lands, as well as varied clime.

Our flag, too, shall upon each distant shore
Be the loved beacon ; ever to the free,
Emblem of truth ! of thee, blest Liberty !

XXVII.

But hark ! I think I hear a heavenly flutter :
It is the angels, spreading out their wings ;
Their namesakes have on earth been heard to utter
Anathemas against the race of kings ;
They'll shake all Europe, and I hope keep shaking,
Till all the people Freedom's rights partake in.

XXVIII.

I hear them talking ; (authors have the right
To express the language of their own creation ;)
They're in the skies ;—it is a wondrous height,
But yet I'll let you know their conversation.
(I wish each poor man had a well-filled purse ;
'Tis a good wish, and finishes this verse.)

XXIX.

Says Liberty, " The white is so transparent,
Diffuses readily, as light of day ;
And 'tis to me, I think, my right apparent,
I trust that to my wishes you'll give way ;
Much-loved ' Fraternity,' and dear ' Equality.'
(They're better terms for nations than The Quality.)

XXX.

“ And then, again, the snowy white is pure ;
Reminds of innocence, and snow-white dove ;
So universal too, I think I'm sure
It may compare with woman's truest love.”
(There's nought on earth I know, as I am human,
That can compare with the pure love of woman.)

XXXI.

Yes, beauteous woman ! dearest mother Eve !
What veneration should we pay to thee !
Creator of that passion, which to leave
Doth break the heart of man. Ah, woe is me !
The very thought awakes, and doth impart
My first love's memory ;—yes, it wrings my heart.

XXXII.

Oh ! pure, though earthly passion, unalloyed,
When spirits mingle in our early days,
I must believe love is, it never cloyed,
For pure does not ; I've counted oft the days
When far away from her who held my heart ;
For when she died, I lost my better part.

XXXIII.

But I'm not heartless ; gentle “ Geraldine ”
Left me more tender-hearted than before ;
For when the heart's been pained, and sorrow seen,
It feels for others what it felt so sore.
I've oft heard say “ adversity's the school
To teach men they should ever gently rule.”

XXXIV.

Who has not seen, and all have seen, I know,
The many colors, pleasing to the sight,
Of Noah, shall I call it his rainbow ?

All must have seen that pretty belt of light,
That doth, as fringe, array its outer edge,—
This Liberty chose, and I like much the pledge.

XXXV.

For shall not Liberty its light diffuse
O'er all the world ? and if I'm not mistaken
The affairs of Europe, as by recent news,
Will most materially the epoch hasten ;
So that all nations fraternize, in truth,
And wars no longer slaughter age or youth.

XXXVI.

I hear Fraternity assert her choice to be
The red, or "rouge," as is the ruby bright ;
So like the life-blood of humanity,
Which courses through the veins. 'Tis a dread sight
To see it flow in battle-field—how agonizing !
There's nought will end such scenes, save fraternizing.

XXXVII.

Oh, Peace ! thou harbinger of earthly blessing ;
Thou friend to mind,—to mental cultivation ;
Under thy shade is science e'er progressing ;
While in thy absence, 'tis known every nation
By war's barbaric acts, each retrogrades,
Sending its tens of thousands to the shades

XXXVIII.

Of death, man's enemy, the king of terrors :
 The blight of parents, children, as of friends.
 When will man cease committing cruel errors ?
 When will man think all times, as when he bends
 The knee to God ? for all that ever pray
 Must be convinced of wrong ; why still pursue the way

XXXIX.

That leads—ah, whither ? All ways lead somewhere.
 I cannot ever bring my mind to think,
 As I was taught in early days, to fear
 A nameless place ; and yet I'd shun the brink
 Of crime or vice. How just that phrase must be—
 " That mercy I to others show, that mercy show to me."

XL.

So then we have two colors, emblematic
 Of the dear angels. Hark ! Equality
 Declares that blue (I'm getting quite prismatic—
 Oh, what a beauteous thing the crown will be !)
 Has ever been with her a favorite color :
 So thus, you see, the crown will be Tri-Color.

XLI.

Blue, Prussian blue, I recollect blue ruin, (⁶)
 It used to be a favorite with the poor
 Of Britain's Isle ; of late they have been doing,
 Or I mistake much, I in fact feel sure,
 That while this ink with which I write is drying,
 They're fighting for their rights, and many dying. (⁷)

XLII.

But blue, Oh yes ! I hope they'll prove true blue ;
And that is why I like its pretty color ;
They have my wishes, and I hope yours too,
For their success in throwing off the collar
Of monarchy, with all its vile appliances,
Its many evils, and corrupt alliances.

XLIII.

Oh blue ! thou dost remind of Waterloo—
Though I all fields of battle do detest—
Of blue-eyed Mary ;—Friend, wast thou e'er blue ?
'Tis then when men feel vicious, show their crest ;
Which is full proof, that full-proof liquor breeds
Of evil human passions, its worst seeds.

XLIV.

Again, the blue reminds of heaven above,
Its beauteous sky o'erhangs each rustic cot ;
That modest flower, known as a pledge of love,
Which memory lingers on, " Forget me not."
Forget me not, I'll ne'er forget thee, never !
How often said by those whom Fate may sever !

XLV.

(But we must leave the living world awhile.)
Our angels on the crown with rapture gaze ;
It, like the beacon to the seaman's toil,
Brightly reflects its colors through the haze,
Of curious vapors, which at all seasons,
Arise at times, and float about the heavens.

XLVI.

So then, at last, this glory of a crown,
A crown of glory !—'tis a beauteous thing !
Is ready for the brow of earth's loved son ;
Its hues are like unto a seraph's wing ;—
It is surprising how the fancy leads one,
To dwell on goodness ,as a feast of reason.

XLVII.

Ah yes ! I see a gathering in the clouds ;
Mild forms of ether floating brightly round
Our much loved attributes ; and ah ! too, shrouds
That do encircle. Yes ! I hear the sound
Of spirits, and they breathe in accents clear.
What patriotic phrases fall upon the ear !!

XLVIII.

I see among them, forms so well remembered
By all the world ; imprinted on the mind,
Some for their love of man, that were dismembered,
And some, who years in prison were confined.
Many who sacrificed their all on earth,
To secure man his natural right of birth.

XLIX.

Oh ! shades of all the past, firm friends of man !
How much I do your memories revere !
Oh ! shades of tyrants, who've disgraced the span
Of life ! you must have died without the tear
Of tribute ; but not so with man's best friends,
For them wept thousands ; gratitude ne'er ends.

L.

Oh ! happy shades ! how many forms I see
In my mind's eye, in mansions of the blest ;
Though but through books you have been known to me,
I've often thought of you, at hours of rest.
I have not envied you, what you've acquired,
But to deserve the same, have oft desired.

LI.

Oh ! blest and honored shades ! I see you gather,
Like to a heavenly radiance, round the crown ;
You form a semi-circle ; then to hover
The angels just above. (My eyelids drown.)
How still and solemn ! hark ! I hear the hum
Of kind command, they bid the Hero come.

LII.

See the dim outline of his noble form,
Within his hand a scroll.
Come forth ! the angels cry, Columbia's honored son,
The great, the good, humane George Washington.
Come forth, come forth ! I hear its echoes ring,
Come forth, come forth ! the shades in chorus sing ;
Come forth, come forth ! thou art the earth's best son,
Come forth ! receive the crown your virtues won.

LIII.

Thou wert the Saviour of the rights of man ;
Thy holy work complete, returned again
To private life ; for unto truth so loyal,
You shunned all titles ; and not even royal,
Could tempt your mind from virtue to depart.
Oh ! Washington ! thine was a faithful heart.

LIV.

Like to the key-stone of the builder's arch,
'Twas you secured blest Freedom's onward march;
By truthful appliance of thy sapient rule,
Nations behold your country as the school
Of pure Democracy. Oh! great is thy renown;
Then hither come; receive this priceless crown.

LV.

I see the figure of the great and good:
The much-loved shade moves forward. On his brow
They place the triple crown; oh, all men should
Remember well the truths he did avow;
For ever be they good and kind at heart:—
They form a halo round him to depart;

LVI.

And as he takes his flight for heaven above,
Beams from his eyes the gleam of patriot fire
That lit the torch of Liberty; his love
Of country all men, of all climes, admire:
His was a noble mind. I see the scroll
Relaxes in his hand; it doth unroll,—

LVII.

Displaying thoughts which breathe, and words which glow,
Enough to warm the coldest heart of man;
Teach him to feel, as his, another's woe,
Each want, each sorrow, felt by fellow-man;
His love increase, as grows the mustard seed,
Then let us from the scroll his precepts read.

THE SCROLL.

“BEWARE AMBITION: UNION’S BOND IS STRENGTH.”

“OUR country, prospering under proper rule,
Though weak at first, adversity’s the school
Should teach us e’er by prudence to abide,
And rest the fatigued arm, until the tide
Of proud success sets in; and proud success
Shall e’er attend, my native land to bless,
If it adheres to, nor permits pollution
Of the pure truths, of our pure Constitution.
Men may its truths assail, for purpose vile;
O! then beware such men, who oft beguile
The ear, with speech, upholding dubious fame;
By wars acquired, a glory false by name;
Such deeds of blood our fellow-men decrease;
Then be forbearing, ever practise peace.
By such example, nobly live in story;
By such example, e’er acquire true glory;
By such example, teach, to every land,
Self-government is e’er the wisest band,
Binding alike each member, man to man,
Alike protecting all; so thus you can,
Hope, in due time, those halcyon days will come,
When man may travel o’er the world in peace,
Nor passport need; the wide world be his home:
Blest Liberty all nations shall release,
And Freedom’s shores all navigators trace;
The ocean waves shall lave no other shores;
The sun illumine not the smallest space
Unblest with freedom, or accursed with wars.
Thus men shall form a chain that nought can sever;
The moon and stars o’er Freedom shine forever.

“ Nations shall seek thy fraternizing hand,
Till all the world shall be but as a band
Of brothers, linked in Friendship’s tight embrace,
Blest Freedom cover earth’s entire space.”

The mists of eve, they darken on the sky,
While less distinct appear all distant things;
The shades depart; I need not tell you why,
Faint is the rustling of the angels’ wings:
I hear them chant, “Columbia’s hallowed son.”
The skies light up.—My friends, my tale is done.

To thee, Columbia! Thee, Columbia’s son,
Land of the Free—the good George Washington;
To thee, and to thine acts, the gilded page
Of future history, for many an age,
Shall thee and thine emblazon. For you, as men,
The right of men upheld. So thus the pen
Shall henceforth write your Rank, as Rank should be,
The meet reward of Freedom and the Free.

G. R.

NOTES TO CANTO V.

(¹) *Here dost thou dwell then, Oh! true Happiness!*

There is no way of living, without foreign assistance, but by the product of our own land, improved by our own labor. Every other source of plenty is perishable or casual.—*Universal Visitor*.

(²) *For false if vivid acts, as ignis fatuus bright.*

There have been men splendidly wicked, whose endowments threw a brightness on their crimes, and whom scarce any villany made perfectly detestable; because, they never could be wholly divested of their excellencies. But such have been in all ages the great corruptors of the world; and their resemblance ought no more to be preserved, than the art of murdering without pain.—*Rambler*.

(³) *Why call men heroes for committing crime?*

The memory of mischief is no desirable fame.—*Rasselas*.

(⁴) *The laws abiding, that doth mete to all.*

Government is necessary to man; and when obedience is not compelled, there is no government.—*Taxation no Tyranny*.

(⁵) *So guide thee wisely, that thou ne'er canst fall.*

No people can be great who have ceased to be virtuous.—*Political State of Great Britain*.

(⁶) *Blue, Prussian Blue, I recollect blue ruin.*

“Blue ruin,” the London Cordial Gin; so called, from its being the ruin of its unfortunate votaries. Truly unfortunate may they be termed;

for alas! too, too frequently have they become so, from the force, as it were, of circumstances. Picture to yourselves, for a moment, the position of a proud spirit, aye, an independent one, placed in the dire aspect of a pauper, from youth; or again, one who has seen better days, (to such I trust brighter and better days are in store in the future,) broken down from the unnatural formations of rank, unjust action of the laws, or from the consequences of mal-government, and its administration. To such, or rather to those, whose minds, under such a phase of sorrow, cannot with fortitude rely upon, and look forward in hope to the future, blue ruin is a refuge; and perhaps that it kills quickly, (one of its attributes,) though it may be a poison under such circumstances, may not inappropriately be termed a virtue.

When grief assails the mind, the mind, if weak,
In death seeks refuge; in death finds relief.—*Author.*

(¹) *They're fighting for their rights, and many dying.*

Written in anticipation of the Chartists' outbreak.

H 91-80



LIBRARY

LIBRARY

LIBRARY

LIBRARY

LIBRARY

LIBRARY

LIBRARY

LIBRARY

LIBRARY

LIBRARY





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 782 487 1